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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Historical Researches on the Wars and Sports of the Mongols and Romans; in which Elephants and wild Beasts were employed or slain. And the remarkable local Agreement of History with the Remains of such Animals found in Europe and Siberia, &c. &c. With a Map and Ten Plates. By John Ranking. 4to. pp. 516. London, 1826. Longman and Co.; Kingsbury and Co.; and Lawford.

A RESIDENCE of twenty years in Hindostan and Russia had prepared Mr. Ranking for the task he has here performed, having first imprinted the opinion upon his mind, that most, if not all, of the fossil remains discovered in the earth originated in human action, and not in a great natural convulsion; and he has since gone largely into history in order to substantiate his theory. From the memoirs of Genghis Khan, Kublai Khan, Tamerlane, and other Mongol rulers; from Roman history; and from early and recent accounts of Siberia,—he has certainly collected a mass of data, which, if not conclusive as to the merit of his hypothesis, are extremely curious, either for desultory reading, or as grounds on which to speculate respecting the *bona* inquiries at issue between the geologist and the historian.

If we confess ourselves unwilling (let us in modesty say unable) to determine this knotty matter, there are several reasons on which we might excuse ourselves from exercising the usual dictatorship of reviewing. We so often differ and so often agree with Mr. Ranking, that it would require twenty times the discussion we can afford to any single work to point out the why and wherefore in the multitude of cases which his research has presented to us and to the public. And again, we must say that he has shewn himself to be a far better finder than arranger of facts—a starter of game, rather than a hunter of it down. Indeed there is much of heterogeneous matter in this volume; and we must acknowledge that we have not time nor opportunity for classing and applying that which the author has so abundantly thrown out, but rather carelessly left to be dealt with as the organ of constructiveness in his readers might determine.

We feel, therefore, that our notice of his book will not do it justice; because we shall not attempt to digest it. Yet we trust that what we shall do with it will enable our friends to see, as we do from perusing it, its drift and general tendency: and at all events, we are sure that the portion we take from its many miscellaneous treasures (old and new) cannot fail to be amusing and interesting.

The gist of the volume is laid out in the introduction.

"In the endeavour to trace historical proofs, that the fossil bones of elephants and wild beasts, which have been found in Britain, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, Siberia, and other countries, are the remains of those animals which have been employed in the wars,

religious ceremonies, and amphitheatrical sports, of the Romans and the Mongols (or Moguls), the author has been led on by the extensive scenes of conquest, the extraordinary grandeur of the Mogul Khans, the magnificence of their hunting expeditions and court parades, which so far exceed any thing ever witnessed in Europe, to make a quarto volume of what he imagined might have been comprised in a small compass. In the progress of these researches, there was such a conviction in the writer's mind of his success in the *main object* of his work, in consequence of some extraordinary discoveries which he has made, that he has been induced to write an epitome of the life of the Siberian Genghis Khan, the most famous conqueror that ever existed, and whose grandson Kublai, on his completion of the conquest of China, governed and controlled an empire much more extensive and populous than was ever swayed by the Romans, when their greatness was at its utmost height. It will be seen what efforts, during this Grand Khan's life, were made to subdue Hindoostan; but they were repelled by the vigour of the Afghan emperors. Eastern Bengal, or Bangalla, was the only part of that country which submitted to Kublai. A description of the very ancient capital (now submerged) of this Bengal, has, fortunately, been met with. Siberia, a name which conveys to most readers the idea but of frost and exile, will be found in *summer* (which season only is here described) a most magnificent region in many parts; the cradle of the greatest conquerors recorded in history; a country unknown to Russia till the sixteenth century; of greater extent than Europe; and so rich in zoology and botany, that the discovery of America, says Pennant, has scarcely imparted a greater number of objects to the naturalist. The reader will find that country connected with China and India, from the earliest ages: and in the thirteenth century vast invading armies, composed of Mongols, Persians, Chinese, and Arabs, commanded by Timur Kaan, governor of Yunnan, Eastern Bengal, and other elephant provinces, stationed in Siberia for many years; to contest, upon the banks of the Irish and higher in the north, the possession of the most powerful monarchy that has ever been known. *No notice of these invasions has been met with in any history of Russia or Siberia.*"

"The history of Britain will be found to exhibit that province, while under the power of the Romans, as deemed of the greatest importance to those conquerors; and which is evinced by the many emperors who visited and resided in the island, some of them with their families. The obstinate wars with the unsubdued Caledonians lasted to the term of the Roman domination, and attracted the whole court of the empire to York, during the long residence in Britain of the three emperors, Severus, Caracalla, and Geta, the latter of whom had the command of London. It was in the city of York, which was for three years the *head quarters of the Roman Empire*, that Severus celebrated a triumph for his victories in

Parthia and Arabia. The greatness of several of the British emperors, their powerful armies, fleet, and their conquests on the continent, attest the wealth of the island; and how justly the loss of its mines, its corn, and very numerous recruits for the Roman armies (on the continent), was deplored. No other person having given a history of Britain with the *views of the writer*, a stronger light is thrown on that part of these researches than has before been collected in a small compass; and nevertheless every essential historical event that is extant is related. That most noble of the brutes, the elephant, will be found in great numbers, climbing the Alps with Hannibal and Asdrubal; crossing the mountains of Greece; and fighting with the Roman army under the command of Adrianus and Cato, against Antiochus at Thermopylae; marching with the emperor Claudius to the conquest of Britain; thirty-nine slain in one battle in Spain; a hundred and forty employed in a battle with the Carthaginians, at Palermo; of which a great number was killed by the Romans, and above a hundred were captured. Thirteen hundred elephants at one time, and five hundred on another occasion, were led by the emperor Mamood against the king of Cashgar, and supported the cold of Tartary, when men and horses perished by its severity. The numbers possessed by the descendants of Genghis Khan would be incredible, if we did not know that all the elephant provinces east of the Burrampooter were under their control, and that no monarchs on earth were ever so powerful. The variety and immense numbers of wild beasts destroyed in the circus and amphitheatre are recorded by many historians. Hippotami, rhinoceroses, camelpards, and almost every known quadruped, were employed in these amusements; sometimes several thousands on a single occasion. On one day forty elephants were exhibited in these cruel but grand sports, with which the Roman people were indulged for many centuries."

In developing these and other remarkable concomitants of history, the author ingeniously states, that he only considers himself to be a pioneer on the very interesting question which he has taken up; and we have no doubt but that his track (and he has opened a wide one) will be followed by many who are inclined to subscribe entirely or partially to his doctrines, (among which latter *chance* we profess ourselves to be numbered,) and be contested by others who have adopted the prevalent philosophical opinions with regard to diluvial or antediluvian, natural or supernatural, causes for these strange dispositions of this or of a former world. The extent to which Mr. Buckland pushed his theory is in favour of any new theorist; since the worst that can happen is a choice of difficulties: and Mr. R. takes the field at a favourable time.

There can indeed, we think, be no doubt that many of the cavern collections of animal bones, and many of those specimens found in recent earthly formations, have resulted from ancient wars and ancient festivals. The coin-

cidences between the places where they are found, and the existence there of mighty governments, or the traditions of dreadful battles, are too numerous and striking to be overcome by any other attempt at explanation but that assumed by Mr. Ranking. In other instances, however, all his ingenuity would fall to give even a colouring to the supposition that his hypothesis was universally true. Of the immense deposit of animal remains, which would be, and was often made in the olden days, an idea may be formed from the history of one royal hunting match.

"Genghis Khan being at Termed, in the midst of the winter of 1231, a season that prevented him from prosecuting the war, ordered a great hunt, to keep his soldiers in action. Tauschi Khan, the emperor's eldest son, master huntsman of the empire, being absent, the emperor commanded the nevian, his lieutenant, to prepare the chase, and directed what circumference of ground they must encompass. The officers of the army were to follow at the head of their troops, according to the prescribed laws concerning hunting. The officers having led their soldiers to the rendezvous, they ranged them round the space which was encompassed, in the manner of a thick hedge; sometimes doubling the ranks about the circle which the huntsman had appointed. They neglected not to remind the troops that it was as much as their lives were worth to let the beasts escape out of the ring, which was an immense number of leagues in circumference, and enclosed a great number of groves and woods, with all the animals that lived in them. The centre of this great enclosure, whereto all the beasts must retire, was a plain marked out by the huntsman. The officers of the chase immediately despatched couriers to the lieutenant-generals for the orders given for marching: the nevian himself went to receive them from the Grand Khan, and gave them to the couriers, who conveyed them to the hunting officers; having well observed where the emperor's quarters were, and in which direction he would advance. On the couriers' arrival, the orders were communicated to the captains. The kettle drums, trumpets, and horns, sounded the general march, which began every where at the same time, and in the same order. The soldiers marched very close together, and always towards the centre, driving before them the beasts. Their officers were behind, observing them; all were armed as if on a martial expedition; with helmets of iron, corslets of leather, bucklers of wicker, simitars, bows, quivers full of arrows, files, hatchets, clubs, cords, packing needles, and thread. It was forbidden to kill or wound any animal, whatever violence the beast offered.—They were to shout and frighten the game from passing the enclosure; for the emperor so ordained. Thus they marched every day, driving the beasts before them. All that is practised in war, was punctually observed, sentinels relieved, watch-word given. Thus, for some weeks, they marched without interruption; but a river, not every where fordable, caused a halt; the beasts were driven into it, and swam across; the soldiers passed over upon round pieces of hide bound together; several being seated upon one of these bundles of leather, each of which was tied to a horse's tail; the horse drew it across the river, following a person that swam before. Now, the circle lessening, and the beasts finding themselves pressed, some ran to the mountains, some to the valleys, some to the forests and thickets; whence, scenting the hunters, they fled elsewhere. They retreated to holes and

burrows; but spades, mattocks, and ferrets, brought them out. The beasts now began to mix, became furious, and toiled the soldiers greatly to keep them in the circle, and to drive them from mountains and precipices; but not an animal escaped their vigilance. Couriers went from different quarters to advise the Grand Khan of what was passing, and to give him news of the princes who shared the diversion and confusion of the chase. The emperor kept a strict eye on the conduct of the troops. The wild beasts being now hard pressed, the strong leaped on the weakest, and tore them in pieces; but their fury did not last long. The timbrels, drums, and other instruments, were now played upon; which, with the shouts and cries of the soldiers, so affrighted these wild animals, that they lost all their fierceness. The lions and tigers grew gentle; bears and wild boars, like the most timid creatures, seemed cast down and amazed. The trumpets being sounded, the Grand Khan entered the circle first, holding in one hand his naked sword, and in the other his bow; his quiver was across his shoulder. He was attended by some of his sons, and all his general officers. He himself began the slaughter, striking the fiercest beasts, some of which became furious, and endeavoured to defend their lives. At last, the emperor retreated to an eminence, seating himself upon a throne prepared for him: from thence he observed the strength and agility of his children, and all the officers who attacked the savage animals. Whatever danger they ran, yet no one avoided it or gave back, but rather shewed more eagerness, well knowing that the Grand Khan by this would judge of their merit. After the princes and lords had had their sport, the young soldiers entered the circle, and made a great slaughter of the various animals. Then the emperor's grandsons, followed by several young lords of the same age, presented themselves before the throne; and by a speech made after their manner, desired that his majesty would give the beasts that remained their lives and liberty; which he granted them, praising the valour of the troops, who were dismissed and sent back to their quarters. Those animals which had escaped the arrows and simitars got away, and regained their forests and dens. Thus the hunting at Termed ended."

The Mogul empire was altogether prodigious; it "attained its greatest extent at about the period of the completion of the conquest of China, in 1280. There were under that division of the empire, governed by the Grand Khan and his viceroys, the whole of China—all India eastward of the *Burhampooter*—Thibet—Tangut—Mantchu Tartary—Corea—and all the eastern division of Siberia, to the Straits of Anian (now Behring's), and to the Arctic Sea. Seven sons of Kublai, and other viceroys, governed each extensive regions."

The accounts of Timur are very entertaining; but as they do not particularly advance the principal argument, we shall merely refer our readers to the original volume for their extraordinary details. The following statements are more in point:—

"We learn, from a passage in St. Chrysostom, that the beasts intended for the public games were kept in the *environs* of the cities; and Procopius makes particular mention of a spacious place in Rome, called the *Fivarium*,

"Such importance have the Persians always attached to these sports, that they record in their history, that Huahing, probably contemporary with Minos, and king of Persia, B.C. 265, was the first who bred dogs and leopards for hunting, and introduced the fashion of wearing the furs of wild beasts in winter."

appropriated to that use. Agreeing with this custom, we have seen that remains have been found at Kew, Brentford, Ilford, and Romford, near London; at Kirkdale, near York; at Walton, near Colchester; at the distance of three leagues from Verona; three leagues from Placentia, &c. This is too systematical to be accidental. The natural deaths of the animals, at these places, in a few centuries, would account for great numbers of fossil remains. The reason why we so seldom meet with the mention of games and spectacles given by the Romans, is, that those historians whose works have reached us deemed such subjects beneath their notice. "Few events during the second consulship of Nero, occurred worthy commemoration," says Tacitus, "unless any writer liked to fill pages in magnifying the foundations and wooden structure of the new amphitheatre. But to the dignity of the Roman people it belongs, that in their history should be inserted illustrious events only; and in the city journals such descriptions as these." These city journals were posted in the streets of Rome. The writer has seen, he forgets in what book, a copy of one, which contains as follows: "This morning, Caius Julius Caesar departed for Bætica, in South Spain, having, since his appointment to that government, been detained in Rome by his creditors." We have also seen that it was the policy of Caesar, and probably of other generals, not to diminish their fame by mentioning the merits of the elephants.

"It is more than two thousand years since elephants were brought by the Greeks and Romans into Europe; and how many animals since that time may have been, in different parts of Europe, exhibited for the sake of private gain? All these skeletons, whatever their number be, must be in existence. Those brought by land from Asia, before the discovery of the Cape, were probably large. An instance has scarcely occurred within the knowledge of the writer, of abtuse theorists ever attributing a fossil animal to this source. The number is possibly greater than all the remains that have been found. The same reasoning equally applies to other animals."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Four Years in France; or Narrative of an English Family's Residence there during that period; preceded by some Account of the Conversion of the Author to the Catholic Faith. 8vo. pp. 443. London, 1826. H. Colburn.

THIS volume will probably excite more attention in consequence of the conflicting opinions to which it may give rise among critics on religious or doctrinal topics, than of any merit or talent in its author, who appears to belong to that numerous order of mankind known by the name of Twaddlers. To such persons, every thing in which themselves are concerned, is of mighty importance. They are horribly circumstantial fellows in all their details. A regular account of one day of the life of one of these prosers, taken from his own mouth, would fill a folio volume, and require a week to read it. If he goes a journey, he tells you of his preparations over-night, of his packing up and forgetting his nightcap, where he bought the portmanteau, and how bad it is to be without a nightcap,—not to mention the accompanying dissertations on trade, patent trunks, the wonderful rise and fall in cottons, the distresses of Manchester, the private subscription, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.; then the road to the coast, with all its windings; the name of the vessel in which he sails, how he got on

board, the tonnage, the captain, the crew, the voyage (five hours across), &c. &c. &c.—all which you have been distressed to hear fifty times before, in the course of your weary pilgrimage, from prolix asses of the same kidney and similar egotism. Of all the tiresome bores and abominations on earth, one of the greatest is to have your precious and irredeemable time villainously destroyed by a trifler, a story-telling scoundrel, with no more brains than a pin, and who descants by the hour on matters utterly valueless to you and to all the world, except himself alone.

We do not mean to say that the writer of this book is so perfect a Gratiano; but his grains of wheat are, as we think, wretchedly scarce, and his chaff extremely abundant.* Be it our task to winnow him a little. In the graver concerns of life, respecting which he has favoured us with his history, and which probably furnished the proximate cause for his publishing this volume, he seems to be a weak and silly enthusiast,—we do not allude to expressly to his change of principles—for every man has a right to care for his own immortal part according to the best light which Providence affords him—but to the contemptible arguments with which he bolsters up his apostasy, and to the credulous and absurd stories of supernatural appearances and miracles for which he vouches upon his own experience and knowledge. Every reader of common sense must feel that these are either gross falsehoods or gross delusions: we are inclined to believe they are the latter: but what attention can we pay to the statements of an author who supplies us with all this dreamy nonsense and irrational inconsistency?

The conversion-affair occupies between 80 and 90 pages of this book, and a most tedious narrative of the last illness and death of the writer's eldest son at Avignon almost one half of the remaining pages. We do not know whether it is an attempt to rival Anastasius; but if it be, it is a sad failure, and about as interesting to the general reader as the medical report of an hospital case, with its daily treatment, nightly effects, and final catastrophe. Two pages might have given the public all that the public could desire to learn of this typhus fever, and the unfortunate youth who was its victim; however affecting the details might be to his father and immediate relations.

The author was the son of a prebendary of Lincoln, his mother a Digby and of a Roman Catholic family: he was born in 1768, and educated for the English church. For abandoning this church, he consents to be censured by those who have taken "better pains" than himself in inquiring into the truth, and expresses himself to be regardless of other opinions. How the following bears upon the point, we leave our readers to guess—

"A few years later, the ex-governor of — said, in speaking of me,—'I knew his father well; a very worthy man: but this young man, they tell me, has taken an odd

turn; but I will return his visit when I get out again.' He did not, however, get out again: he had been ill for some days; feeling himself dying, he called for a glass of wine and water, drank it off, returned the glass to his servant, shook the man by the hand, and saying kindly, 'Good-by, John!' threw himself back in his bed and expired, at the age of more than fourscore years. Here was no odd turn; the coolness with which his excellency met the grim king, was generally admired.—But I am making a long preface to a short work."

Which is true enough, except that the work is as long as the preface.

"My father," he proceeds to tell us, "was prebendary of the cathedral church of Lincoln, as his father had been before him. My grandfather's prebend was a very good, or, as they say, a very fat one; my father's prebend was but a lean one, but he had sense enough to be a doctor in divinity, whereas my grandfather had sense enough not to be a doctor in divinity. They both rest behind the high altar of the cathedral with their wives. So accustomed are we to a married clergy, that we are not at all surprised to see them, during life, with their wives and children; and in death it is perfectly decent that the husband and wife should repose together. All this is natural, and in order, to those who are used to it. But the feeling of catholics on this subject is very different. The story of the poor seminarist of Douay, in the 17th century, is an instance: he went to England on a visit to his friends; on his return to the seminary, he was asked 'Quid vidisti?' He mentioned what had most excited his astonishment: 'Vidi episcopos, et episcopos, et episcopatos.' A French emigrant priest entered my house one day, bursting with laughter. 'Why do you laugh, M. l'Abbé?' said I.—'I have just met the Rev. Mr. — with the first volume of his theological works in his arms.'—'What is there to laugh at in that?'—'He was carrying the eldest of his children.'—'La coutume fait tout,' said I: 'you see the Rev. Mr. — is not ashamed.' Marriage is allowed to the priests, though not to the bishops of the Greek church. I think the catholic discipline is the best. The merriment of M. l'Abbé was excited, I am inclined to believe, not so much by a sense of the inopportune and ridiculous in the very natural scene he had just before witnessed, as by his own joke.—'le premier tome de ses œuvres théologiques.'"

This extract leads us to remark that the author is a very facetious man in his way: he has a joke for almost every occasion as well as for his conversion; and is quite playful and amusing upon things which rarely or never provoked wit before. Of his father's and his mother's religious faith, for instance, he speaks thus pleasantly, and tells us historical news besides *ex cathedra*.

"My father, to do him justice as a true Protestant, 'an honest man who eat no fish,' had not accustomed me to days of abstinence. * *

"Nevertheless, some 'rags of popery' hung about her; she was very devout, and made long prayers: she had not her breviary indeed, but the psalms and chapters of the day served equally well: she doubted whether the gunpowder treason was a popish or a ministerial plot: the R. R. Dr. Milner had not yet written the dissertation, in his 'Letters to a Prebendary,' which proves that it was the latter. For want of this well-argued and convincing statement, I was called on to read, on the 5th of November, while squibs and crackers sounded in my ears, and Guy Faux, suspended over

the Castle Hill, was waiting his fate,—to read, I say, the life of Sir Everard Digby in the Biographia Britannica, where his character is treated with some kindness and respect. Sir Kenelm Digby is of course the next article in the 'Biography': all this while I was detained from the dangerous explosions of the fireworks, which was in part my mother's purpose, though she had, no doubt, her gratification in the lecture."

His mother's predilections were improved by two maiden ladies of the name of Ravenscroft, who, together with their Priest (a Jesuit), paid such attention to the morals of the Prebendary's school-boy son, that his papa, "in great good-nature," said to him once, after he had passed a fast-day with them, and eat boiled eggs and hot cockles, "These old women" [a poor compliment to the Jesuit, by the by] 'will make a papist of you, Harry.' He sent them occasionally presents of game in return for their attentions to me." Curious enough, the good-natured Prebendary's prediction turned out true. Master Harry goes on: "It will be observed, from the account given of my infancy, that I had been from the first familiarised with popery; that I had been brought up without any horror of it. This was much: but this was all. I knew nothing of the doctrines of the catholic church, but what I had learned from the lies in Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, and from the witticisms in the Tale of a Tub,—a book, the whole argument of which may be refuted by a few dates added in the margin. My English reading had filled my head with the usual prejudices on these topics. Of popes I had conceived an idea that they were a succession of ferocious, insolent, and ambitious despots, always foaming with rage, and bellowing forth anathemas."

What English reading Master Harry filled his head with, it is impossible to say. This exaggerated grouping of the popes is not however without its object; it makes us revolt at the idea of a whole succession of rulers being "always foaming with rage, and bellowing forth anathemas." But it would have been more fair and as edifying, if the writer had condescended to point out the really good and virtuous men who had filled the papal chair; and distinguished them from the many lectionous and ferocious despots who have disgraced it—from the rival and anti-popes struggling through massacres, poisonings, and murders, for supremacy—from those who might indeed be truly painted as always foaming with rage, and bellowing forth anathemas. Assuredly no temporal throne in the annals of nations was ever stained with such infamous crimes as that sanctified throne, under whose dominion the direction of mankind for their good lives in this world, and eternal salvation in the next, was reposed. We speak boldly of historical facts, which have no bearing upon the question of religious truth. There have been had enough men and vile enough hypocrites of every faith, who have made religion their tool: but when witnessed in persons at the head of the church, and declaring themselves infallible, the spectacle is horrible. Having alluded to the flimsy reasoning of the author, we will quote a brief instance of it in this part. He says—

"If any grave doctor of the Anglican church had, at this time, attempted to lay the foundations of my belief in his own form of religion, he would probably have failed in his work; partly, because the respect due to such a personage from a youth like me would have hindered that freedom of question, reply, and rejoinder, by which satisfactory conviction is

* Example.—A French Abbé, who labours to persuade the Real Presence in the Eucharist, refers to St. John Chrysostom; and we have the result thus particularised.

"I immediately referred to my edition of Chrysostom, by Sir Henry Savile, in eight volumes folio,—a masterpiece of Greek typography, which I had bought for three shillings a volume. I had read at hazard some of the homilies. As these are in the form of a running commentary on the Gospels and Epistles, it was easy for me to turn to the texts in which the institution of the Lord's Supper is narrated, and to the Epistle to the Corinthians in which it is spoken of."

Now, what had the price of the work, its typography, and all the rest of this rignarole, to do with the simple fact at issue?

at length produced; partly, because I should have considered him as bound in honour and interest to maintain his own opinions, and require implicit submission; and because also I should probably have found, as I have since found, the arguments, which such an one would have adduced, to proceed on misrepresentation, and to be logically absurd."

Now, without entering upon the merits of the case, we put it to every impartial person to say whether this is either wise or just? Suppose the word Catholic was put for Anglican, would it not hold quite as well? Does the writer mean to say that he would have no respect for a grave Catholic doctor? he who calls every one of them his "directors," and consults them on every occasion? or does he mean to say, that a Catholic minister is not bound in honour and interest, as much as an Anglican, to maintain his own opinions? The whole tenor and spirit of the argument is contemptible. But we will not allow ourselves to be betrayed into any thing like controversy: we quarrel not with the writer's tenets; renegade, as he describes himself to have been, from a curacy which did not produce him one-fifth of the wages of a good mechanic, he is entitled to enjoy his opinions as fully and freely as any, as every other human being: but we must say, that if there are no stronger arguments for the various points of Roman Catholic belief than he adduces, it must stand in a miserable plight indeed. Purgatory he supports by the old jest of father O'Leary, "You may go farther, and fare worse," and a paltry quibble of his own (pages 55 to 56); the worship of images he contends for on an ignorant mistranslation of the second commandment (p. 59); and for the propriety of confession, he resorts to his general practice of proof—a joke: here it is—

"I have heard of one clergyman who made the attempt; he preached to his people of the power belonging to him, as a priest, of absolving them from their sins, and of the benefit which they would derive, if truly penitent, from confession and absolution; concluding by fixing a time, at which he would be at home, to hear all those who should have any communications to make to him with such intention. This discourse caused a mighty hubbub in the parish; people did not know what to make of it; some doubted if their clergyman could seriously mean what he had said: one old woman did not hesitate to declare 'she would be d—d if she would tell him all she knew.'"

This, of course, was conclusive: but as we are on the subject of the author's jokes, which are, after all, the best things in his work, we shall amuse ourselves by copying a few of the best of these facetiae. Travelling in Normandy,—"As night came on, we took up other passengers who were going to a short distance: they were Normans; at least such I judged them to be from the great breadth of their bases, which took up a considerable space on the seats of the coach: in manners as well as in form they were different from Frenchmen; they were not indeed reserved, they had no *mauvaise honte*, but they were rude and selfish. The French proverb, however, says, and it is certainly right, 'Il y a des honnêtes gens partout, même en Normandie; a proverb, cited by way of reprisal for a saying reported by a Norman, in contempt of the people of Champagne, 'Quatre-vingt dix-neuf moutons et un Champenois font cent bonnes bêtes.' It is curious to find jokes like our own on Yorkshire honesty and Gloucester ingenuity, repeated in a foreign land. To return to the country,

through which I am passing: the Normans are said to be very litigious; in proportion to the frequency of the discussion of questions of *meum* and *tuum*, are the illegal attempts at appropriating what belongs to another; an offence which the law calls theft, and punishes capitally. It seems that, before the Revolution, this capital punishment was administered at the gallows; a machine of which our Norman conqueror brought with him perhaps a model into England,—an excellent subsidiary to the curfew, as lately tried in Ireland; for our Saxon legislators are recorded to have hung offenders on trees; but I am ignorant that any proof exists of their having contrived a gallows. The invention of the guillotine was a still further improvement; but, either from dislike to the shedding of blood, or from attachment to long-established modes, the Normans are said to have prepared for the king, on his restoration, a petition, of which here follows a copy:—

"*Pétition adressée par les Normands à S. M. Louis XVIII. à son retour en France.*

"Sage Prince! quand tu nous rends
Tous nos anciens usages,
Accepte les hommages
Et comble les vœux des Normands!
Que la potence
Revive en France,
Daigne d'avance
Nous donner l'assurance
Que sous le règne des vertus
Les gibets nous seront rendus;
Heureux Normands! nous serons donc pendus!
Sous un roi débonnaire,
Comme on pendait nos pères!! (bis)

"Où, les bons Normands vont ravoir
L'antique privilège
D'aller en grand cortège
Danser à la Croix du Trahair;
Nouvelle étude
Nous semble rude,
De l'attitude
Nous avons l'habitude,
Avec le sang de pi—on fils
Ce penchant nous était transmis:
Venez encore orner notre pays
Gibets héréditaires
Où l'on pendait nos pères!!"

At the Pantheon in Paris, "a traveller, soon after the restoration, having visited the tombs below the pavement of this church, and seen the torch, typical of philosophy, issuing from that of Voltaire,—observed a monument which seemed to him a new one; he inquired whose it was, and was told by the attendant, 'that of a member of the ancient senate.'—"But," said the traveller, 'I thought this edifice was the place of interment for great men.'—"C'est vrai; mais, en attendant, on y enterre des sénateurs." It is not certain whether this was said in simplicity or in *persiflage*.

An innkeeper at Avignon: "Moulin has as much the appearance of a *bon vivant* as if he were an English landlord, but with a cast of French manners. A very pretty young English lady (so she was described to me,) admired his great Newfoundland dog, but said, 'M. Moulin, I am afraid of him: will he bite me?'—"Non, Mademoiselle; mon chien ne vous mordra pas: fût-il un tigre, il lécherait une si belle main."

Epigram on the French Revolution—

"O liberté chérie! en vain je te poursuis:
Par tout je vois ton arbre, et nulle part tes fruits."
"O cherished liberty! in vain I follow after thee:
I see thy tree every where, and thy fruits no where."

Entertaining story of the crimes of that period.—"The trials at Orange were the pleasantest scenes imaginable. 'Tu n'es pas royaliste? Tu n'as pas conspiré contre l'état?' or some such questions, in an ironical tone, decided the fate of the prisoner. 'Voilà des hommes qui tranchent sur tout,' said I to my narrator. He forgave the pun. An elderly woman, her understand-

ing childish through age, and who was deaf withal, was put in accusation with her son. 'Tu as pleuré la mort du roi,' said the judges to the mother, charging her also with having put on mourning on the occasion. 'O yes,' said the old woman, 'I was very sorry for the king, poor, dear, good man; and I put on a black silk apron and a black riband round my cap.' The judges, seeing the people inclined by this simplicity to a sentiment of compassion, advanced to something more serious. 'Tu as conspiré contre l'état.' Here the son put himself forward: 'Messieurs, do what you will with me; but my mother—you see her imbecility; she is deaf; how can she have conspired against the state?' 'Elle est sourde?' said the judge: 'écris, greffier, qu'elle a conspiré sourdement contre l'état.' This pun is not to be forgiven. Arrived at the place of execution, the mother, seeing the assembled crowd, asked her son the meaning of it; whether it was a fair, or some fête. He obtained as a favour from the executioner, that his mother might be the first to suffer death."

Having thus exhibited the author in his best shape, we shall rapidly go over his book for such other selections as may be necessary to illustrate it: but this portion we must reserve till Saturday next.

Histoire d'Alexandre I. Empereur de toutes les Russies, et des Principaux Evénemens de son Règne. Par Alph. Rabbe. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris and London, 1826. Treuttell and Würtz.

In the beginning of the present year we inserted a short review of Lloyd's *Life of Alexander*; a work, though evidently hurried, of very considerable merit, which has since been translated into German, and which in truth forms the basis of Mr. Rabbe's performance. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd's narrative may be said to be translated into this French author; for almost every paragraph of it is to be found literally rendered, somewhere or other, in these two massy volumes; and we have not the least hesitation in saying that the English writer's statements form the most valuable part of the work.* Yet we have looked in vain for a sufficient acknowledgment of these facts, Mr. Lloyd's name being scarcely mentioned throughout the new book. In a note, page 215, vol. II., we find, we own, an allusion to it, and a reference to the *avant-propos*, in these terms:—

"These details† are certain: the journals of the day have made them known, and we borrow them from Mr. Lloyd, of whose work we have spoken in the *avant-propos*, and who has reproduced them with *une excessive complaisance, et en véritable Anglais*."

On perusing this sentence, we began to accuse ourselves of careless reading, and immediately turned back to the said *avant-propos*, in search of further acknowledgments, which assuredly ought to have been made by Mr. Rabbe; but our search has been altogether vain, and we cannot even find Mr. Lloyd's name in the preface. Mr. Lloyd, therefore, might well complain of such extensive plagiarisms, and, by way of retort, could add, that Mr. Rabbe had assumed the authorship of most of the work of another "avec une excessive complaisance, et en véritable Français." After the same fashion, the French writer, though not to so

* The French work, like the English one, is also adorned with the same lithographic prints: a bad portrait of the late autocrat, and an excellent plan of Tsagarog; which may be explained, as both publications belong to the same publishers.

† Details respecting the reception of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, &c. in London, in 1814.

great an extent, has treated Dr. Lyall, from whom he liberally and literally borrows, without giving that writer any credit. This fact is very remarkable with respect to the military colonies in Russia, "founded," according to Lloyd, "in 1819, and the subsequent years, with which Europe was first made acquainted by Dr. Lyall's interesting Essay." As Mr. Rabbe has so often taken Lloyd for his guide, why did he not follow him on this occasion? But it pleased the Parisian penman better to say—"Ce système a singulièrement attiré l'attention de tous les publicistes de l'Europe. Les Anglais, plus attentifs que nous sur tout ce qui passe en Russie, ont donné l'éveil: et c'est principalement d'après les rapports de leurs écrivains que nos feuilles publiques ont publié des détails sur cette sorte de grand complot qui s'ourdissait mystérieusement contre la sécurité de nations occidentales."

We must thank Mr. Rabbe's condescension for this acknowledgment to English authors, whose names he seems to be extremely unwilling to mention,—if any merit attaches to their "sayings or doings." But we must remind this gentle plagiarist, that Dr. Lyall's "Account of the Military Colonies in Russia" has been translated in the *Bulletin Universel*,—that the greatest part of it has appeared in the *Revue Encyclopédique*,—and that two separate translations of it have appeared at Paris, to each of which the respective authors have added valuable appendices. Besides, we suppose that Mr. Rabbe could not be ignorant of the fact that Dr. Lyall had the merit of first making known the Emperor Alexander's gigantic system of military colonisation, which he has, however, always maintained must have an ephemeral existence, and which, indeed, from the new autocrat's own statements, seems either to be on the brink of dissolution, or of involving his empire in serious difficulties. So much, in the present case, for Mr. Rabbe's candour towards English authors, who have here copiously supplied him with materials for his work. Indeed, he seems to get into a state of morbid sensibility whenever Britain or her natives require to be mentioned; and throughout his *Histoire* he evinces a spirit of jealousy and rancour altogether unworthy of his country and of this enlightened and liberal age.

We do not so much quarrel with Mr. Rabbe for thus manufacturing his book, as for the unhandsome manner in which he openly palms upon the world innumerable pages to which he has no claim, and thus deprives their authors of their legitimate right, except in the eyes of those acquainted with general literature. The history of any sovereign, and the principal events of his reign, must, of necessity, be a compilation from the best authorities, in which the author, nevertheless, has an opportunity of showing his talents by the selection of his materials, by the manner in which he arranges them, by the justice of his inferences, and by the value of his own observations. Though we frequently differ in opinion from Mr. Rabbe, it is but fair to allow that he has taken a good deal of pains with his work, and that though his style be flowery, and often figurative, we can seldom accuse him of carelessness. From the united labours of many intelligent writers, he has, we think, brought together a great deal of interesting matter, in consonance with his title page, besides some information respecting the present state of the Russian empire; and we can, under this impression, recommend his volumes to the attention of our readers.—But it is time to proceed to a more particular review of the volumes before us.

The chief additions made to Mr. Lloyd's small volume, in the French author's two lusty tomes, consist in longer details of all the proceedings of the general administration of Alexander, of all the diplomatic measures of his reign, and of all the campaigns in which that sovereign was engaged; besides numerous documents, illustrative articles, and notices on Russia, in notes, and in an appendix to each volume. Lloyd's work we found very defective in information respecting the private life of Alexander; and we are sorry to add, that the same remark applies to Mr. Rabbe's volumes. This is the more to be regretted, because many parts of the late autocrat's private history remain undeveloped, notwithstanding the statements made upon this subject in some papers contained, early in the current year, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which Dr. Lyall has, in the newspapers, avowed himself the author, and with which Mr. Rabbe seems not to have been at all acquainted. The future historian has, therefore, still an open and an interesting field for an authentic detail of the late autocrat's personal history.

Of Mr. Rabbe's own parts of the work, and his style, we shall now give an example or two. The following parallel between Napoleon and Alexander will at least amuse the reader:—

"Napoleon has been dead five years, and we scarcely yet begin to collect the elements of a solid and philosophic appreciation of his life and character: this prodigious man gave impulses so different and so powerful to the affairs of his age, that whether it may be for good or for evil, we do not yet know all the results of his combinations. Alexander has scarcely expired, and we can already decidedly pronounce an opinion upon the value of a political system, of which he has, perhaps, carried the last consequences with him to his grave. Thus the one had in himself the cause of the immense movement which he occasioned in his epoch; while the other has not lived politically, except as in a life of reaction: the one shook the world by the force of his will; the other resisted by the advantage of his *position matérielle*: the one has long subjugated fortune, and commanded admiration; while his adversary, following the reflux of fatality, by generous attentions, has only acquired esteem. In fine, the mind of the first was, in the full force of the simile, an abyss where good and bad principles, by turns, exercised their inspirations under the constant predominance of a vast and grand thought (*pensée*): while the character of the other only presented radiating surfaces, it is true, *d'un doux éclat*; but where gentleness shone more than force, and upon which have successively glided borrowed ideas and systems, without any necessary connexions between them. The rivalry of these two potentates could not be in knowledge (*des intelligences*); besides, maybe all that Alexander forced himself *de mettre de personnel dans son antagonisme*, the struggle has rather been between the two empires and the two nations, than between their masters."

We confess that, amidst this assemblage of words and phrases, we cannot make out many distinct ideas; and, indeed, we do not fully comprehend some of the phrases. We have often translated from French writers, but seldom found so much difficulty, as at present, in collecting an author's meaning, even when the idiom of his language did not admit of a literal translation. We shall allow Mr. Rabbe to place this want of acumen to our ignorance of the language in which he writes, and proceed to a quotation which is clearly expressed,

Having alluded to Alexander's tuition under La Harpe and other masters, he adds:—

"In this education, half Russian, half French, the ideas and the principles of foreigners prevailed; but it was neither altogether that of a sovereign nor that of a philosopher; and it produced in the head of a malleable and docile pupil an equivocal alliance of the philanthropic and the philosophic opinions of the eighteenth century, with the most rigorous maxims of absolute power."

To the mixture of such principles we may chiefly ascribe the vacillating conduct of Alexander in some of the most important affairs of his life, and especially in the lamentable change of his general administration shortly before his death.

Mr. Lloyd, after noticing the marriage of Alexander to the late empress, Elizabeth, adds these words, "*by whom he left no issue.*" We do not know exactly whether that gentleman meant that the departed emperor had no children by his imperial spouse, or that they were already dead; but we incline to the former supposition, and apparently the French author also does the same; and hence, perhaps, he was led into a great mistake. Indeed, Mr. Rabbe's statement is quite romantic, and so amusing, that we prefer giving it in his own words:—

"Il est à remarquer que l'impératrice Catharine, dont les mœurs avaient été plus que relâchées, voulut que ses petit-fils (Alexandre et Constantin) fussent préservés, aussi longtemps que possible, de toutes les révélations propres à donner l'éveil à leurs sens. Les précautions prises pour prolonger la durée de leur innocence furent excessives et mêmes ridicules, s'il faut s'en rapporter aux détails dans lesquels le Colonel Masson est entré à cet égard. Pour parvenir plus sûrement à son but, la conservation des mœurs de son petit-fils (Alexandre), la vieille impératrice ayant prudemment pensé qu'il lui fallait le soumettre de bonne heure au joug du mariage, Alexandre fut uni, dès l'âge de seize ans, à la Princesse Louise-Marie, fille du margrave de Bade, pour laquelle il a conservé jusqu'à la fin de sa vie une véritable affection. Mais on craignit que cet hymen prématuré n'énervât une constitution qui semblait avoir besoin d'être fortifiée par un long ajournement des voluptés les plus légitimes. Il ne serait donc impossible qu'Alexandre eût été victime, à cet égard, de la fausse prudence de son aïeule. On sait qu'il n'a pas eu de postérité." Vol. I. p. 6.

Mr. Rabbe does not evince much knowledge of the affairs of Russia in the above quotation. Dr. Lyall has stated, that "the marriage of Alexander was a political scheme of Catherine II., and though the young bride was handsome, beautiful, and interesting, there was a coolness in her manner which ill accorded with the warmth of Alexander's passions, and which rendered her not exactly the object of his choice. By her majesty, the autocrat, as is stated in the Magazine already alluded to, had two children, both of whom died in infancy. The same writer has given an account of Alexander's amours, and more especially of his connexion with Madame N——, (facts well known to travellers in Russia,) by whom the late autocrat had a numerous offspring. Mr. Rabbe, we suppose, considers this to be proof of Alexander's *véritable affection* for his invaluable and virtuous spouse!

Mr. Rabbe furnishes nothing new with respect to the tragic death of Paul; he presents different versions of the transaction, to be sure, but he does not know which is the most correct,

and by far the minutest of them we formerly copied into our pages while noticing Mr. Lloyd's volume. We must strongly deprecate the French writer's attempt to renew, by quotations and by innuendos, a long-exploded and nearly-forgotten lie, that the British ministry, and the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, Lord Whitworth, were connected with that sanguinary deed: in truth, such a display of a total want of judgment, or what may be worse, of national spleen and malignity, gives us but a mean opinion of the author's principles, whatever may be his professions. The reader may judge of the accuracy of our remarks by the following translations.

"English policy unfortunately found accomplices in the army of Paul I., among his ministers, and even in his palace. Twenty times upon the point of being discovered, this infamous plot was accomplished on the twenty-third March, 1800 (1801). Distinguished men, Russian and English, figured in the tragedy!"—Page 18, vol. I. Again: "At the epoch of the catastrophe, all the embassies had their own reports of it, and each was impressed with the spirit and the dispositions of the cabinet from which it emanated. That of the French chancellerie, however inexact in some respects, appears freer of partiality than the others; at least we do not think it a duty to qualify its imputations regarding the British cabinet. According to it, every thing concurred to prove the participation of the English ministry in the death of Paul."—Page 21 of the same volume. But this is not enough; Lord Whitworth's name has the distinction of appearing in a list of the conspirators and assassins, in a note, p. 23; and to sum up all, the following statement, said to have been dictated by the extraordinary Napoleon, is given in the appendix of vol. I. page 314, and among the *Pièces Justificatives*, as copied from the *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*: "Paul was assassinated in the night of the 23d or 24th of March, 1801. Lord Whitworth (not Whitworth, as written in the work under review) was ambassador at his court, he was much connected with Count ***, General ***, the ***, the ***, and other persons authentically known to be the authors and actors in this horrible paricide." Nothing could be more unjust than for an historian to countenance so horrible a charge, unless he could have adduced some overpowering proofs, which, we are bold to say, he found impossible, and has indeed supported by nothing but his own impudent assertions. The quotation from the *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*—an authority the most dubious—even allowing its truth, really proves nothing, but that the representative of King George III. at the court of Russia, was acquainted, as of necessity he must have been, with some of the most influential men who surrounded Paul, and who were afterwards numbered among the conspirators.

With utter contempt let us dismiss this cunningly devised fable; which, however well it might suit the coteries of Paris, or the agents of Napoleon, in 1801, a period when national prejudices were at their height, is totally unworthy of notice in the year 1826. Fortunately for Russia and for the world, Paul perished, and Alexander ascended the throne; when, says Rabbe, "the aspect of their new master charmed the people. It was impossible to forget the crime (the murder of Paul); but in the serenity, mixed with sadness, which was remarked upon his visage, it had the effect of an angel placed upon the throne by demons. An interesting youth, sentiments full of grandeur, pure morals, tastes nobly simple, and a lively

love of humanity, seemed to presage that his reign would begin the era of the true civilisation of Russia."—P. 39.

After some other allusions to the personal character of Alexander, which, as a whole, may be pronounced admirable though the *Tsar* had his failings, the author remarks that "Russia, under Alexander I., a pacific prince, remained *militaire et conquérante*; and has not ceased to gravitate with all her weight towards the west and the south," &c. &c. But we must bid Mr. Rabbe good day, assuring our readers, that, in spite of his party spirit, his national prejudice, and his malevolence against England, we shall not withhold from him any praise which his labours merit.

Lives of the North Family. 3 vols. 8vo.

IN a preceding *Gazette* we adverted to this amusing republication, and illustrated it, so far as we deemed needful, from the memoir of Lord Keeper Guilford, the first of the three brothers whose memories are therein embalmed. Of the second brother, the eminent Turkey merchant, Sir Dudley North, we come now in due course of succession to speak; and in the account of his foreign adventures and other doings, we can promise readers that they will find the same simple naïveté, and good-natured peculiarities, which rendered the life of the lawyer so pleasant. But before we enter upon the biography of Sir Dudley, we trust that an episode may be allowed us, and that a considerable measure of entertainment will be found in perusing the character given of one of Lord Guilford's friends; which, though only a sketch, appears to us to be one of those curious examples of the manners of the age, and the vicissitudes of fortune then so common, which the author of the *Scottish Novels** could fill up so ably.

"His lordship (says the author) had one friend that used to frequent him much, and was greatly countenanced by him. It was Mr. Charles Porter, who, in the reign of King William, was made lord chancellor of Ireland, where he died. This person had run a strange course of variety in his life. He was the son of a prebend in Norwich, and a 'prentice boy in the city in the rebellious times. When the committee house was blown up, he was one that was very active in that rising, and, after the soldiers came and dispersed the rout, he, as a rat among joint-stools, shifted to and fro among the shambles, and had forty pistols shot at him by the troopers that rode after him to kill him. In that distress he had the presence of mind to catch up a little child that, during the rout, was frightened, and stood crying in the streets, and, unobserved by the troopers, ran away with it. The people opened a way for him, saying, 'Make room for the poor child!' Thus he got off, and, while search was made for him in the market-place, and thereabouts, got into the Yarmouth ferry, and, at Yarmouth, took ship and went to Holland, there being an opportunity of a ship then going off; and he was scarce out at sea before the pursuit came down after him; so narrowly he escaped hanging at that time. In Holland he trailed a pike, and was in several actions as a common soldier.

* The authorship of Waverley, &c. has again become a subject of newspaper discussion, in consequence of the letter ascribed to Sir Walter Scott in Gaselin's French translation of the *Novels*, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of the 8th ult., and has since made the tour of the Journals. It is dull enough to see *John Bull* falling foul of the *Times* about this document, for which the latter is not answerable, and concerning which the former knows nothing.

At length he kept a cavalier eating-house; but his customers being needy, he soon broke, and came for England, and being a genteel youth, was taken in among the chancery clerks, and got to be under a master, in which employment he laid a foundation for practice in that court, beginning with drawing; and afterwards he applied to the bar. His industry was great, and he had an acquired dexterity and skill in the forms of the court; and although he was a bon companion, and followed much the bottle, yet he made such dispatches as satisfied his clients; especially the clerks, who knew where to find him. His person was florid, and speech prompt and articulate. But his vices, in the way of women and the bottle, were so ungoverned, as brought him to a morsel; and he did but just hold up his head, with all the advantages that fell to his share, which were very great: for when the Lord Keeper North had the seal, who, from an early acquaintance, had a kindness for him, which was well known, and also that he was well heard, as they call it, business flowed in to him very fast, and yet he could scarce keep himself at liberty to follow his business. The best account of which strange conduct is, that he was careless, and joined with others in taking up monies; and so carried on a jolly way of living. At the Revolution, when his interest fell from, and his debts began to fall upon him, he was at his wits' end. And some, knowing his case, and pitying him, (for, at large, he was indeed a very honest fellow,) recommended him as a plausible man, fit to be lord chancellor of Ireland; and accordingly he was knighted, and sent over. There he lived some years, and in that place concluded his days little better than insolvent. It is not to be wondered at that this fair-conditioned gentleman of the chancery order should be acceptable to his lordship; for, barring his private failings, and no less secret debts, his character for fidelity, loyalty, and facetious conversation, was without exception; and his lordship knew little of his secret ways to give him a disgust to his person, who also had the good fortune to be beloved by every body. I have remembered thus much of a gentleman that underwent all extremity of good and evil fortune; whereof the particulars that are not of my own knowledge, I had from his own mouth, in very serious conversation. All which is worthy to be known; and the rather, because he had that magnanimity and command of himself, that no surprise or affliction, by arrests or otherwise, could be discerned either in his countenance or society—which is very exemplary; and in cases of the persecuting kind, as injustices, and the malice of powers, heroic in perfection."

Of the inventions of Sir Samuel Morland, a great philosophical virtuoso of that day, we have also a notice well worth extracting:—may not the puerilities and trifling nature of these exploits, as they now appear, teach us not to value ourselves too highly on discoveries and improvements which an after generation will most probably smile at, as we do at Sir Samuel Morland and his contemporary admirers?

"Once, upon an invitation, his lordship dined with Sir Samuel at his house; and though his entertainment was exquisite, the greatest pleasure was to observe his devices; for every thing shewed art and mechanism. A large fountain played in the room, and all the glasses stood under little streams of water. He had a cistern in his garret, which supplied water to all parts of his house, as he thought

fit to contrive it. The water was raised by a common pump (as it seemed to be) in his yard; but, going to lift the sweep, it rose (as it were) of itself; for it was prolonged beyond the tree, and there had a counterpoise of lead, which made the sweep move as the beam of a scale; and wherever there was like to be a friction, a roulet was placed to receive it. In like manner, windows, doors, hinges, and chimneys, spoke the owner to be an artist; and his utensils abroad had the same taste. His coach was most particular; and he made a portable engine, that moved by watchwork, which might be called a kitchen; for it had a fire-place and grate, with which he could make a soup, broil cotelets, or roast an egg; and, for that, his contrivance was by a fork with five times (as I may call it), which stood upright at a due distance before the fire-grate, and turned slowly. An egg put into that would roast according to art; and if a piece of meat were stuck upon it, it was dressed by clockwork. He said himself that this machine cost him 30*l*. He took it with him in his own coach, and at inns he was his own cook. But to conclude with a capital invention of his. When he was told that the Lord Keeper North was dead, he asked of what disease? It was answered, of a fever. 'It is strange,' said he, 'that a wise man, as he was, should die of a fever.' 'How,' said the other, 'should a wise man prevent it?' 'By doing as I do,' said he.

But his mode of medicating himself is too explicit for our pages, and we can only express our wonder that so prompt and able a practitioner should ever have died himself, except perhaps by sudden decapitation, or a volley of bullets through his heart and interior machinery! About this period, it was, however, that the famous experiments of Torricelli made so much noise; and it is stated that Jones, a clockmaker of the Inner Temple Lane, was the first person who (under the instruction and direction of Lord Guilford) exposed barometers publicly for sale in London. Lord G., it seems, was also an amateur and patron of music, and used to take much delight in accompanying himself on the lyra viol; but we rather gather from his partial biographer, that his performances in this way were not so delectable to others; for he remarks—

"It was great pity he had not naturally a better voice; for he delighted in nothing more than in the exercise of that he had, which had small virtue but in the tuneableness and skill."

In pictures, too, his lordship was a connoisseur, and was on terms of friendly intimacy with Sir Peter Lely; but we must not allow the accounts of this connexion to divert us longer from the chief object proposed in the present paper.

Young Dudley North having been bound to a Turkish merchant, was sent to Smyrna, (not in the manner Lord Cochrane is said to have gone, just now), where he conducted the business of his master for some time, living thriftily, but mixing with the society, and occasionally enjoying the recreations, of the place. The particulars of this mode of life are related with much of the spirit of *bonhomie* which distinguishes the whole work.

"I have heard him say (says the author) that, from the time he first went abroad, till his return home, he had digested in his mind one principle, which often swayed him; and that was, to get abroad and spend at home; and he thought that, if he must put himself into a parade, it should not be among Turks and strangers, among whom all he could do would not gain him any real advantage; for

if he were a little more looked upon there, to what good end was it? He must at length come away and leave all that froth behind; but experience at home had a lasting influence, and was seasoned with the joy of participating with his relations and acquaintance; all the while cultivating a mutual esteem and lasting friendship amongst them. In this thrifty way of living, he passed his time at Smyrna for divers years, with a meagre income, and not promising much increase. If ever he gratified himself, it was with a distinction between the two grand circumstantialities, the one is establishments, and the other for once (as they say) and no more. He stood not out in ordinary complacencies, but joined in such diversions as the rest chose, and used to say, *come una volta tanto*; or, as we say, 'so much for once and away.' But it was a long time before he brought himself to keep a horse, as the rest did; for that was an established charge. I have heard him say, that once before his cavaliership, the nation (as they call themselves) pressed him very much to go a hunting with them; and so he did, but instead of a horse, he hired an ass to carry him, and rode upon that. If this was done to shew his firmness, and how little he stood upon forms, or regarded any man's opinion, it was very philosophical. This passage seems to us much more bizarre than it was there; for in those countries an ass-cavalcade is not at all extraordinary, but very common; and all the holy men use it. Having touched upon hunting, I may bestow a section upon the use of it in Turkey. First, dogs are counted unclean, and are not by the Turks ordinarily admitted into houses, but run masterless about the streets; but it is accounted a charity to relieve them; and some dogs take the road and follow travellers for their waste in eating, and do the ordinary service of watching, and barking at all novelty. But for sport, the Turks keep a sort of greyhound, which they dress as fine as horses, and clothe richly; but the hound is not at all known or understood by them. The merchants at Aleppo keep and use greyhounds, and coursing, in the greatest regularity. At Smyrna, the merchants procured a pack of hounds, and hunted in the country after the English way; which was a prodigious mystery to the Turks, who scarce yet believe the dogs followed the hare by the smell, but think there is witchcraft in it. Fellows at plough have laughed, seeing the dogs run one way and the hare another; and, finding that sometimes the dogs came about after her, have lain down upon the foil to prove whether the dogs followed the track or not, until they came up full cry towards them; and then ran away, as in a very great fright. One incident had like to have quite spoiled their sport, which was the mange; and that infested their pack to such a degree as must have destroyed it, until a certain cure was found out, which was fluxing with mercury; a physic which they administered of course, and regularly, scarce ever failing of its effect to set matters right again. And the pack continues there, and is like to continue."

"I must often remember (he adds) that this young gentleman, however led by his employment into other trains of thought, yet never failed, upon all occasions, to make philosophic reflections, and nicely observed all natural appearances that fell in his way. There is somewhat of this kind in his correspondence with his best brother; but one thing I have heard him speak of, of which there is no touch there, and that is concerning earthquakes. Smyrna is very obnoxious to those impetuities, and

therefore a fit place to collect an account of them. The merchant was clearly of opinion, that those which troubled that place were wholly in the air and not in the earth. He was confirmed in this opinion, by observing that the ships in the road were equally affected as the land; if the shaking of the water had broke against the sides of the ship, it was all it could do; for the ship would have broke the water, before it could have contracted a trembling so swift and short. But the air wrought upon the ship, and not upon the water; therefore the water received its trembling, as the curlings discovered, from the ship, and not that from the water. But a more distinguishing observation was this: he was once in a turret, above the tiles of the house; and there, by the rattling of the tiles of the houses on the one side of him, he perceived an earthquake coming, and took particular notice of it; it rattled the tiles of all the houses as it came along; and where he was it ruffled his clothes, and rattled the tiles there; and so went on in a line progressively, rattling the tiles, till he perceived it plainly gone beyond the city. And taking notice how its course bore, by his correspondences from cities that lay in the line of its course, as near as he could judge, accounts were had, that earthquakes had been in those parts, as might have well been the continuation of this. It seems that the earth, being so massy and ponderous, is not susceptible of a quick and tremulous action, as we know the air is, which having a spring readily vibrates. Besides, if the earth moved, the sea would not readily comply, but, next the coasts, gather undulations, which would go off wasting, and at a distance come to nothing. These concussions in the air being so plainly progressive, amount to a demonstration, that the force, whencesoever it comes, falls immediately upon the body of air, and the impulsive compressions run along like sound, according as the valleys of the country lead them. But what is the original of this tremendous action, which overturns cities, as Smyrna in particular, which hath been more than once so served, is easier inquired after than resolved. But when the efficient cause of a paltry common whirlwind is found out, I believe the source of these aerial migrations (if I may so say of earthquakes) will be clearly understood."

What would our friend Mr. Scrope say to this hypothesis? (see his Essay on Volcanos, reviewed in a recent *Literary Gazette*); it differs much from his theory!

From Smyrna, Mr. North went to Constantinople, and his observations furnish us with no small share of entertainment respecting that city and its haughty population,—the Turk. We shall therefore transcribe a few passages from this portion of the volume.

"The Turkish law rigidly holds every person to prove all the facts of his case by two Turkish witnesses, which makes the dealing, with a view of a dispute, extremely difficult; for which reason the merchants usually take writing; but that hath its infirmity also; for the witnesses are required to prove, not only the writing, which with us is enough, but they must prove every fact contained in it to be true, or else the evidence is insufficient. It fell out sometimes that, when he had a righteous cause, the adversary was knavish, and would not own the fact; and he had not regular and true witnesses to prove it: he made no scruple, in such case, to use false ones; and certain Turks, that had belonged to the factory, and knew the integrity of their dealing, would little scruple to attest facts to which

they were not privy, and were paid for it. I have heard the merchant say, he had known that, at trials, Turks standing by unconcerned have stepped forwards to help at a dead lift (as they tell of a famous witnessing attorney, who used to say at his trial, 'Doth it stick? give me the book'), and these expect to be paid; and the merchants fail not to send them the premio; else they may cause great inconveniences. Nay, a merchant then will directly hire a Turk to swear to the fact, of which he knows nothing; which the Turk doth out of faith he hath in the merchant's veracity; and the merchant is very safe in it, for, without two Turks to testify, he cannot be accused of the subornation. This is not, as here, accounted a villainous subornation, but an ease under an oppression, and a lawful means of coming into a just right.*

"I shall allege but one instance farther, where I think the Turkish law is remarkably distinguished, and is on the criminal side. If a man comes to the judge, and with clamour, as the way is, complains that he is robbed of his goods, the cadi will ask him, 'By whom? and where is the thief?' and if he says he does not know (perhaps), punish him as a *fouche*, that pretends to be robbed, to cheat his creditors. 'What!' says he, 'doth not the grand signor protect his subjects? If you are robbed, find the thief, and right shall be done; if you want help, take an officer; but do not accuse the grand signor's righteous government.' Now, to add here a word or two of their criminal justice, I shall observe, that it is executed with such rigour, as keeps down offences so effectually, that, in that great city of Constantinople, there are not so many men executed for thievery in some years, as in one, nay, I may say in one session, at London. If a thief is caught, they make more account of him by discovering others, than by the example of his punishment. And they handle him at such a rate, that he cannot but discover all he knows. He shall sometimes be secretly chained to an officer, and so go about the city, and whom he points to, is taken up. The first thing done, is to see that he makes full amends to the person robbed: and when that person declares he is satisfied, he is sent away with a menace that he concern not himself for favour to that man. And, after all, what hath this poor thief to reward him for all his ingenuity, and service to the public by discovering? Nothing but to die without torment; for if the judge be dissatisfied of his behaviour, he makes such a public torture of

him, as must terrify all rogues from the like practices; otherwise he is committed to an officer to be simply hanged, and then that officer takes him into the street, and chooseth what man's sign, or post, he pleases, and constrains whom he thinks fit to perform the ceremony; and a Frank, if he comes by un luckily at that time, is not safe from being preferred to the employment."

An interview which the merchant had with the Sultan is mentioned with an air of profound mystery; and is very characteristic of the limit allowed to Christian intercourse at the period. The story runs thus:—

"He once complained to one of their quacks, whom they called doctor; and he told him that his regimen had been utterly wrong, and so long as he lived so abstemiously he never would be at ease and well; and therefore wished him to indulge at the common hours, but without any excess, and at night always eat somewhat, and particularly what was savory, as caviar, or anchovies, sufficient to relish a glass of wine or two before he went to bed. He went into this course, and finding a manifest change for the better by it, he never left it off as long as he lived. It seems that after he found his heart's ease at Constantinople, he began to grow fat, which increased upon him, till, being somewhat tall, and well whiskered, he made a jolly appearance, such as the Turks approve most of all in a man. This gives me a handle to relate a passage concerning himself, which he told me in familiarity and confidence, saying he had let no mortal else (his best brother only excepted) have any knowledge of it, lest they should think he lied out of vanity. The great officers about the grand signor, with whom he had transacted, and (with such respects as became him) familiarly conversed, told his majesty that there was now, in the city of Constantinople, an extraordinary *gower*, as well for person as abilities, to transact the greatest affairs; and so in the ordinary conversation with the grand signor, he was often named for somewhat considerable, besides his acting as *hasnadar* of the English nation under their ambassador. The grand signor declared he would see this extraordinary *gower*; and accordingly the merchant was told of it; and at the time appointed, an officer conducted him into the seraglio, and carried him about till he came to a little garden, and there two other men took him by the two arms and led him to a place where he saw the grand signor sitting against a large window open, in a chamber not very high from the ground; the men that were his conductors, holding each an arm, put their hands upon his neck, and bowed him down till his forehead touched the ground; and this was done more than once, and is the very same forced obeisance of ambassadors at their audiences. After this, he stood bolt upright as long as the grand signor thought fit to look at him; and then, upon a sign given, he was taken away and set free again by himself, to reflect on this his romantic audience."

We have now gone as far into the history of Sir Roger as is requisite; and shall close this Review with a proverb and a parable which occur in the narrative, whence we have condensed it:—

The Proverb.—"There is a proverb, 'The world is a tail, and happy is he that gets hold on't;' which alludes to some shipwreck at passing a river, where the hold of an horse's tail certainly saves a man. They tell, that a wise old man begged a boon of a grand signor; and he bade him begone, 'The world was a

tail,' &c. He thought the experiment was to be tried, and ordered his slave to sell him in the market for a Russ slave; but to one that looked grave and wise, with a long beard, and a bosom full of papers. This was done, and he was sent down to a vineyard to work with other Russes there; and so he did for divers months. At last, from speaking Russian, he fell to speak Turkish, and repeat the Alcoran, and declared that Mahomet appeared to him, and enabled him. The master, being informed of this miracle, sent for him, and found it was so, and that he read the Alcoran well. He had immediately his liberty, and was visited and courted by presents from divers people. At last the grand signor heard of it, and would needs see him; and, when he was brought, 'How?' said the grand signor, 'do not I know you?' 'Sir,' said the Turk, 'for God's sake let me alone; I have got hold of the tail.'"

The parable.—"A grand signor caused his vizier's arm to be cut off, and proclaimed that the arm should be thrown up, and whoever caught it falling should succeed in the vizier's place; but upon terms to be served the same sauce at a year's end. When the crowd was come together to catch this arm, one man, more diligent and dexterous than the rest, caught it. So he was vizier: and, at the year's end, his right arm was cut off, and thrown up as before; and he himself, with his left arm, caught it again; and after his second year, his left arm was cut off and thrown up, and he caught it with his mouth. This is to shew what men will suffer to gain a pre-eminence over others."

And a very laudable ambition it is: *arma virumque cano*.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Instructions to Young Sportsmen, &c. By Lieut.-Col. P. Hawker.

A FIFTH edition of this serviceable and entertaining manual has just appeared. Sportsmen are much obliged to their accomplished brother in the art for so much excellent and timely counsel as is here added to his former ample advice; and no doubt but that thousands of the birds of the air, such as black game, grouse, partridge, pheasant, land and water rail, woodcock, ptarmigan, quail, snipe, curlew, goose, duck, teal, wigeon, coot, heron, pigeon, plover, —and of the beasts of the field, such as deer, hare, rabbit, besides *varmint* of all sorts, will rue the day that ever the colonel published these instructions. In the age of *Æsop*, such a man would have been tried by a court of the feathered tribes, and handed over for execution to birds of prey. The only defence that we observe he could make, would be, that he gives a list of "*Preservers of Birds*" at the end of his volume.

There is a good deal of new and valuable matter in this edition.

Old English and Hebrew Proverbs Illustrated. By W. Carpenter. Booth.

So small a book, that we cannot tell the size of it technically—it is perhaps 32mo. Mr. Carpenter gives a context to many English proverbs in it:—we do not think they needed it much, nor do we always agree with him in his explanations. As for the Hebrew, he has them more his own way; yet, even there, we beg leave to differ. "If any one say that one of thine ears is the ear of an ass, regard it not: if he say so of them both, procure thyself a bridle." "That is (says our illustrator), it is

* We do not agree with the Hon. Dr. John North in his *maxims* on the subject of Turkish legislation; but cannot help laughing at his account of some of its results, and his brother's consolatory reflections thereon.

"Notwithstanding," says he, "all our industrious merchant's endeavours, many of his suits failed; but he had not only those, but divers other crosses, such as will happen in a multiplicity of dealing, out of which he had learnt a most useful principle of life; which was, 'to lay nothing to heart, which he could not help;' and how great soever disappointments had fell out (if possible), to think of them no more, but to work on upon other affairs, and, if not all, some would be better natured. I have known, when the rebellious spirit hath risen, he hath conjured it down, by saying in great zeal, 'The Pope hath not his will, the King of France hath not his will, the King of England hath not his will, the devil hath not his will, and by G— I will not have my will.' I have heard him say, that when, for want of proof, he lost a just cause, he hath said to the adversary, 'Well, you have thought fit to deny my debt before the judge, knowing I had trusted you without witness, and so think to cheat me; but, depend upon it, I will exact the utmost farthing from you in the next world, where all truths will be known.' And some men upon such menace have come and paid the debt, to be acquitted in the next world; for the Turkish religion teacheth that, in the next world, all just debts and demands will be rigorously required to be paid, and performed, with strange severities to fall upon them that, in the former world, refused to be just."

time to arm ourselves with patience when we are greatly reproached." Now, independent of the bad grammar, about one saying that *both* our ears "is the ear of an ass," we deny the conclusion. The proverb means, do not resent a foolish insult; but if the scoundrel perseveres, and more circumstantially infers you to be an ass, behave as such—kick him. To bear it "with patience" is utter nonsense: kick him well—donkey fashion: that is the interpretation. Of the illustrator, however, we hope we may speak as Sancho, the great dealer in proverbs, spoke of himself—his intention is good; though we hardly know what to make of the following libel: "Gnaw the bone which is fallen to thy lot." "That is, he that has an ill wife must patiently bear with her." The deuce it is! If the *bone* means *wife*, the literal might as well hold throughout, and the wretched possessor should be advised to *gnaw* her!!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ON THE DRAGONS AND MONSTROUS SERPENTS WHICH ARE INTRODUCED IN A GREAT NUMBER OF FABULOUS OR HISTORICAL NARRATIVES.

[The following paper,—which will occupy as much of two of our succeeding Nos. as it does in the present,—is translated from the *Revue Encyclopédique*, where it appeared to us to be so full of curious research, that we determined on laying it before our readers, to whom we trust it will be as interesting as it has been to us.]

In the empire of the marvellous, there are no stories more frequent than those in which we read of some winged dragon, or serpent of monstrous size, devouring men and animals, until either heroic valour or miraculous power delivers the country which has been a prey to its ravages. Some writers have recognised in these narratives the figurative expression of the astronomical subjects of Perseus, the liberator of Andromeda, threatened by a sea-monster, and of Orion, the conqueror of the serpent—themselves the emblems of the triumph of virtue over vice, of the good over the evil principle, and, dropping all allegorical veils, of the victory of the sun of spring over winter, and of light over darkness. It is in another point of view that we propose to treat the same subject. We wish to ascertain how the astronomical emblem has been so frequently converted into positive history? what are the causes which, in various places, have introduced remarkable variations into the legend? finally, why other fables or other facts have been united to the legend, with which it was originally wholly unconnected?

1. *In the natural sense.*—Did there ever exist reptiles of a size sufficiently extraordinary, or animals of a form sufficiently monstrous, to give a natural origin to the stories we are considering? The serpent which Regulus attacked, in Africa, with warlike machines, was perhaps a box, arrived at its extreme growth. Allowing something for exaggeration, the natural language of surprise and fear, it becomes easy, in this instance, to reconcile history with truth and probability. In the year 1815, a crocodile was killed near Calcutta, seventeen or eighteen feet in length, armed with enormous claws. Where the head joined the body was a swelling, whence sprang four bony projections; on the back were three rows of similar projections; and four towards the tail, the end of which formed a sort of saw, being the termination of the rows of projections. These swellings, these bony projections (rightly regarded as defensive

arms), appear in the pictures of the celebrated Tarasque of Tarascon, and of a number of dragons and serpents belonging to various legends. Here, again, the fiction may have commenced by the exaggeration of a fact which had been actually observed. Some years ago it was reported that a monstrous reptile had been killed at the foot of a mountain in Savoy, the ravages of which had been in proportion to its shape. Its skin was examined at Geneva, and afterwards at Paris, by naturalists; and it proved to be only a snake which had attained to a remarkable size, but about which there was nothing prodigious. In a less enlightened age, would any thing more have been necessary to furnish the credulity of the mountaineers with a marvellous story, which tradition would have consecrated, and perhaps magnified, from age to age?

2. *In the figurative sense.*—There are no winged serpents, no real dragons. The union of two natures, so different, has been originally a hieroglyphic, an emblem, of which, however, poetry, the life of which is figure, has not hesitated to avail itself. The reptiles which tore to pieces the children of Laocoon, are called dragons by Q. Calaber.* Virgil gives them alternately the names of dragons and serpents.† The two names seem to have been synonymous in poetical language; and the wings with which they were invested were only an emblem of the rapidity with which the serpent darts on his prey, or climbs to the tops of trees to seize it. In this, as in many other instances, figurative expressions have been mistaken for facts by vulgar minds, not less ignorant than delighted with the wonderful. The modern Greek gives the significant name of winged serpents to the locusts, the swarms of which, brought by the winds, destroy his crops. This metaphor is probably an ancient one, and may have given rise to many stories of the existence of winged serpents. But these explanations, and all those which can be derived from physical considerations, are vague, and are, besides, purely local. They are inapplicable to a precise fact, which we find in every country, and in all times; having the same foundation, but with slight variations in the principal circumstances.

3. *Monstrous serpents, considered as the emblem of ravages produced by floods.*—St. Romain, in 620 or 628, delivered the city of Rouen from a monstrous dragon. "This miracle," says the author of a dissertation on St. Romain's miracles, and on the Gargouille, "is only the emblem of another miracle by St. Romain, who made the Seine, which was overflowing, and about to inundate the city, return to its bed. Of this, the name given by the people to this fabulous serpent is a sufficient proof: 'gargouille' comes from *gurgies*, &c." In support of his opinion he quotes the following stanza from one of Santeuil's hymns:

"Tangit exundans aqua civitatem:
Voce Romanus jubet efflari:
Auduit fluctus, docillique cedit
Unda juberit."

He observes, finally, that at Orleans, a city frequently exposed to the ravages of the waters which bathe and fertilise its neighbourhood, a ceremony is celebrated similar to that which at Rouen renews the memory of St. Romain's miracle. He might have quoted numerous other traditions in support of his conjecture. The Isle of Batz, near St. Pol de Leon, was

* De Bello Trojano, lib. xiii.

† Æneid, lib. iv.

"Immensis oribus, angues," v. 204.

"Serpens amplexus uterque," v. 214.

"Delubra ad summa dracones," v. 225.

desolated by a frightful dragon. St. Pol (who died in 594), by virtue of his stole and his staff, plunged the monster into the sea. Cambry, who relates this tradition, tells us that the only fountain in the Isle of Batz is alternately covered and uncovered by the flow and ebb of the sea. He afterwards states, that near the castle of La Roche-Maurice, close to the ancient river Dordoun, a dragon used to devour men and beasts. It seems natural to see in these two stories the emblem of the ravages of the sea and of the Dordoun. St. Julien, the first bishop of Mans, (in 95) destroyed a horrible dragon, at the village of Artins, near Montsire. This dragon, according to the system we are considering, would represent the overflows of the Loire, which runs in the neighbourhood. By the same system will be explained the enormous dragon over which, towards the end of the fourth century, St. Bié or Bienheure, the hermit, triumphed in a cavern, by the side of a fountain. The overflows of the Moselle are, according to that system, typified in the monstrous serpent which St. Clement vanquished at Metz; and those of the Clain by the dragon of Poitiers, which hid itself near that river, and whose death was the benevolent act of St. Radegonde, towards the end of the sixth century. The overflows of the Rhone will in a similar way be brought to explain the history of the monster of Tarascon, which St. Martha, in the first century, caught with her garter, and killed; and the image of which, called "Tarasque," is to this day carried in procession through the town on Whitmonday. The overflows of the Garonne will have for their emblem the dragon of Bourdeaux, which yielded to the virtue of St. Martial's wand, in the eleventh century, and the dragon of St. Bertrand de Comminges, subdued by Bishop St. Bertrand in 1076. Thus, the dragon from which St. Marcel delivered Paris, that of which a monument attests the ravages in the village of Torcy near Luneville, and the winged dragon of the Abbey of Fleury, will be said to be images of the Seine, the Meurthe, and the Loire, overflowing their banks. Thus, also, when at Lima, on the day of the festival of St. François d'Assise, the figure is beheld, in the procession, of an ideal monster called "Terasque," (the name of which reminds one of the Tarasque of Tarascon), it will awaken the recollection, that through Lima, which is but little removed from the sea, runs a river which supplies every house with water. Thus, finally, M. Champollion explains the hieroglyphic of two enormous serpents with human heads, in the church of St. Laurent at Grenoble, by the proverb,

"Serpens et draco devorabant urbem,"

translated into the language of the common people in these lines:

"Lo serpen et lo dragon
Mettront Grenoble en savon."

and alluding to the situation of the town at the junction of the river Drac (*Draco*) with the river Isère; the latter represented by the serpent, the tortuous folds of which it very much resembles in its course. In fact, the comparison of the windings of a river with the folds of a serpent, is found as frequently in popular language and in the names which emanate from it, as in the metaphors of poetry. Near Helenopolis, a town in Bithynia, flows the river Drac (*Dragon*). "This name," says Procopius, "was given to it consequence of the number of windings which often compelled travellers to cross it twenty times in succession." In spite however of the probability of several of the

foregoing suppositions, there are two grave objections to the system which they are calculated to establish. 1. If it be as easy to a supernatural power to arrest the overflowing of the sea or of a river, as to put to death a monstrous serpent, the parity does not exist with reference to the limited means of an ordinary man. Now we find figuring in the legends, knights, soldiers, exiles, obscure malefactors, whom divine grace would never call upon to work miracles. Who can conceive that a single man, whatever might have been his zeal or his power, could have succeeded in compelling the Loire or the Garonne, covering an extensive plain with its superabundant waters, to return to its bed? 2. The multiplicity of the legends will not allow us to believe that in places and at times so various, there could have been an accordance in expressing by the same emblem events similar, but peculiar to each country, and to each epoch. An emblem constantly identical, supposes a fact, or rather an allegory, received at all times and in all places. Such is that of the triumph obtained by the celestial conqueror, the principle of good and light, over the principle of evil and darkness, typified by the serpent.

4. *The astronomical legend.*—We will not here retrace in detail the astronomical picture of this triumph eternally renewed. Let us only observe that, in almost all legends, three accessory objects are grouped with the principal subject; namely, a virgin, a young girl, or a woman; an abyss, a cavern, or a grotto; the sea, a river, a fountain, or a well. The Greek mythology is too well known to render it necessary to remind the reader of Apollo piercing with his arrows the serpent Python, at the entrance of the grotto where Themis the virgin proclaimed her oracles; of Jason, on the banks of a river of Colchis, aided by Medea, still a virgin, vanquishing the dragon that guarded the golden fleece; or of Hercules and Perseus delivering Hesione and Andromeda, on the point of becoming the prey of sea-monsters. According to a legend, which the Christian faith will not tolerate, except in its figurative sense, but which painters and a crowd of believers have adopted in its direct sense, St. Michael overthrew and pierced with his lance a dragon vomited forth by the infernal abyss. At half an hour's walk from the high-road in Baruth, is shewn the cavern in which the dragon used to shelter which was killed by St. George, at the very instant when it was about to devour the daughter of a king of the country. St. Margaret belongs, as well as St. George, to a period which chronology cannot pretend to fix. She triumphs over a dragon; and from the head of the monster, this virgin (since elevated to a celestial abode) takes a carbuncle, a ruby, the emblem of the brilliant star of the Corona borealis, *Margarita*, placed in the heavens near the head of the serpent. In the history of Dieudonné of Gozon, also, figures "the stone which came out of the head of the dragon killed at Rhodes by that hero, and which stone, it is said, is preserved in his family." It was as large as an olive, and was of many brilliant colours. The error which, by transforming an astronomical allegory into a physical fact, decorates the heads of serpents with jewels, is of very great antiquity. "Although a serpent may have a ruby on its head, it is nevertheless noxious," says a Hindoo philosopher (Barthov-

herri), who had collected in his proverbs the precepts of the most remote ages. Born of the figurative description of the relative position occupied in the heavens by the constellations of Perseus, the whale, the crown, the serpent, &c., the legend, we have seen, has been afterwards applied to the victory of the sun of spring over winter, and of light over darkness. The ruby, which there holds its place, and with which Ovid decorates the palace of the sun,* was in fact consecrated to that star, in consequence of its flaming red colour. Almost all mythologies furnish, with some varieties, the same legend. On a monument discovered at Thebes, Anubis is represented as St. Michael and St. George are in Christian pictures; he is armed with a cuirass; in his hand is a lance, with which he is piercing a monster that has the head and tail of a serpent. In a succession of tales (the Thousand and One Nights) the compilers of which have evidently borrowed from the ancient mythology of Hindostan the greater part of their marvellous stories, monsters appear no fewer than three times. Sometimes they assume the shape of an enormous serpent, sometimes of a gigantic dragon, their sides covered with scales, striking with their tails: every year they glut their voracity with young virgins; it is at the instant at which a king's daughter is about to become their victim, that they fall under the blows of a warrior, who is assisted by supernatural powers. Chederles, a hero revered by the Turks, "killed," they say, "a monstrous dragon, and saved the life of a young girl exposed to its fury. After having drank the water of a river, which rendered him immortal, he scoured the world on a horse as immortal as himself." The commencement of this story recalls the Hindoo mythology, and the fables of Hercules and Perseus; the end of it presents the emblem of the sun, an immortal traveller, who never ceases to make the circuit of the globe. The Caribbees believe that the Supreme Being made his Son descend from heaven in order to destroy a horrible serpent that was desolating by its ravages the nations of Guiana; the monster fell; and the Caribbees sprang from the maggots which its carcass produced; and thus they regard as enemies the nations with whom their parent formerly waged a cruel war! What can we think of the strange origin which the Caribbees thus ascribe to themselves? Is it not to be suspected that in ancient times they received this tradition from a people superior in strength, who wished to humiliate and degrade them, and that they have preserved it from habit, and because it justified their national animosities and their thirst for conquest?

5. *The legend of the serpent vanquished by a celestial being, introduced itself into Christianity, and especially among the nations of the West.* As long as oppressed Christianity struggled obscurely against polytheism, its worship, not less austere than its morality, would not admit into its ceremonies, still covered with the veil of mystery, any but simple rites, free from all shew. The search of its persecutors could deprive the faithful only of the holy writings and the consecrated vessels, and of few or no symbols. But a public worship can scarcely do without some visible and observable signs. By them, in the midst of an assembly so large that words can with difficulty reach the ears of a few, it speaks to the eyes of all; it addresses one of the most natural and most universal inclinations. The multitude please themselves

with the magnificence of their religious acts, and think that symbols cannot be too much multiplied. Such was the case with Christianity when, on the ruins of polytheism, it publicly established its churches and its religion. This progress was the more rapid, as, succeeding to a religion full of pomp and emblems, Christianity was apprehensive of repelling, by too severe a simplicity, men accustomed to see and to touch that in which they believed, and which they adored. Rather than imprudently prescribe the objects of a veneration which it was difficult to destroy, it preferred to appropriate them to itself. More than one temple was converted into a church; more than one divine name was honoured as the name of a saint; and a great number of images and legends passed easily into the new worship, preserved by the ancient respect of the new believers. The legend of a celestial being, the conqueror of the serpent, the principle of evil, was conformable to the language, to the spirit, and to the origin of Christianity; it was received into it, and exhibited itself in paintings and religious ceremonies. St. Michael, the chief of the archangels, was represented to the eyes of the faithful piercing the infernal dragon, the ancient enemy of the human race. In the fifth century were established in France, and later in the whole of the west, the processions known by the name of rogations. For three days was exposed to the gaze of the faithful the image of a dragon, of a winged serpent, whose defeat was indicated by the ignominious manner in which the image was carried on the third day. The celebration of the rogations has varied in different dioceses, from the first days of Ascension week to the last days of the week of Pentecost. It corresponds to the period at which, the first half of spring having passed away, the triumph of the sun over winter is fully achieved, even in our cold and rainy climates. It is difficult not to perceive an intimate connexion between the legend of the allegorical dragon and the epoch at which, every year, its resemblance made its appearance. Other circumstances add to the force of this probability. In the sixth century, St. Gregory the Great ordered the annual celebration on St. Mark's day (the 25th of April) of a procession similar to that of the rogations. The origin of this ceremony was as follows: Rome was desolated by an extraordinary inundation; like an immense sea, the Tiber rose to the highest windows of the temples. From the overflowing waters of the river issued innumerable serpents; and, finally, an enormous dragon—a new Python, born of this new deluge. Its breath infected the air; it occasioned a pestilential sickness; and human beings were mowed down by thousands. The annual ceremony just alluded to consecrated the remembrance of this plague, and of its cessation, obtained by the prayers of the holy pope and his flock. The date of the 25th of April, less remote from the equinox than that of the rogations, was more suitable to a country in which the spring is more forward than in France. Whether by accident or calculation, those who transported to Lima, under the southern hemisphere, the Terasque, the dragon of the northern nations, made it appear on the 4th of October, the day of the festival of St. François d'Assise. This period approaches still more nearly to the spring equinox. But in the equatorial countries, under the temperate skies of Lima, the victory of the sun is not long suspended, as it is in our northern regions, where the first weeks of spring frequently seem only a prolongation of the winter. Pliny

* Shakespeare's simile for adversity—

"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;"

is akin to this—Ed. Lit. Gaz.

* "——— Flammeuse imitante pyrope."

Metam. lib. ii. v. 2.

has spoken of the mysterious egg, to the possession of which the Druids attached some marvellous benefits, and which, they said, was formed by the meeting of all the serpents of a country. Echoing the Druids after the lapse of two thousand years, and without suspecting the antiquity of the superstition which he repeats, the inhabitant of Solonium affirms that every year all the serpents of the country unite in the production of a diamond, which, still better than the jewel of the Rhodian dragon, reflects the most vivid colours of the rainbow. The day appointed for this miraculous production is the 13th of May; a day which belongs to the commencement of the second half of spring, like the days on which they paraded the serpent of the rogations. The period of this manifestation suggests a remark which is not devoid of interest. Its fixedness is sufficient to prove, in farther opposition to the opinion which we have before combated, that the serpent was never the emblem of inundations, or of overflows of rivers, which could not occur every where on the same day. How then was this erroneous opinion ever established? When the primitive meaning of the emblem was forgotten, the attention willingly dwelt on a circumstance which almost always caused to be placed on the banks of the sea or of a river, the legends in which it appeared. The idea that the cessation of the ravages of the watery element were thus typified, would appear the more natural, as the procession of the dragon regularly took place at a period of the year when the rivers, most liable to be swoln by the melting of the snows, or by the equinoctial rains, were all retired to their beds.

FINE ARTS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS AND ARTS.—NO. IV.

THE transfer of the most valuable meubles from Carlton Palace to the British Gallery, for the amusement of the metropolitans, and those sojourning here at this dull season, is an instance of consideration which is hailed with all the respect due to that royal condescension which dictated the measure. Indeed, it may be regarded as a graceful mode of closing the palace doors, by an act of indulgence to public curiosity. The indulgence is felt; and the public voice is unanimous for the erection of a royal residence, compatible with the notions of a prince thus destined to rule in England's intellectual age.

This estate formerly belonged to the Earl of Burlington, the great amateur architect of the 18th century, the patron of genius, the friend of Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope, and the centre of a circle of illustrious British worthies. Carlton House, with all its appendages, was presented by his lordship to his mother, the Countess Dowager of Burlington, in 1732, although it appears that an arrangement was made soon after for a transfer of the property to his Royal Highness Frederic Lewis, Prince of Wales, the grandfather of our present sovereign. The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield was intrusted with the negotiation, who, in the latter part of the same year, paid to the Earl of Burlington, as part of the purchase-money for Carlton House and gardens, the sum of seven thousand pounds.

We remember the old mansion, and the dilapidated appearance of its exterior, its heavy ashes, and discoloured stucco, which called for speedy reparation. This, however, was long after its royal tenants had departed, and prior to 1783. The entrance gate and lodge to the

gardens, which had a picturesque appearance as seen at the end of the vista of high trees that formerly extended farther south, were designed by our revered late sovereign, the piers to the gates of which still remain, an interesting memento of his majesty's architectural taste. And here we cannot refrain from expressing a hope, that, whatever alterations and improvements may hereafter occur on this site, these relics may be spared.

The ingenious Flitcroft, (who erected Saint Giles's church), a protégé of Lord Burlington's, through his lordship's influence, was appointed to make the necessary alterations and improvements for the reception of Prince Frederic, his royal consort, and family. Kent was employed to lay out the grounds, which were then extended to the park; and on the beautiful site, created by his superior taste, our late sovereign was wont to recreate in juvenile happiness. This celebrated landscape-gardener designed a cascade in the grounds, where a saloon was erected in 1735, paved with Italian marble, brought to England by Lord Bingley and George Bubb Dodington, whose political history was so materially interwoven with that of this royal mansion.

The inside of this building was richly adorned with painting and sculpture, and furnished with corresponding magnificence. Lord Burlington's taste is universally acknowledged. Prince Frederic was a distinguished amateur of *virtu*, and the first patron of English arts of his royal house. Hence, Carlton Palace may be said, from its foundation, to have been destined for a noble seat of art. The grounds were ornamented with marble statues and busts: amongst other figures were those of Alfred the Great and Edward the Black Prince, sculptured by Rysbrack. This mansion, too, has been equally famed for elegant hospitality and social intercourse. Its first royal possessor delighted in having his friends at his board, and the dinner and supper parties at Carlton House were frequent and select. Its reputation for the continued rites of still more elegant and no less princely hospitality, will last long after its walls are laid low.

In the year 1783, his present majesty, then Prince of Wales, having nearly completed his twenty-first year, and having until that period resided with his royal parents at Windsor, at the Queen's Palace, or at Kew, it was thought becoming his dignity, as heir-apparent, that he should be provided with a residence and suitable establishment; when Carlton House appearing an eligible site, his late majesty sent a message to both houses of parliament on the subject. That to the House of Commons was announced by Lord John Cavendish; and that to the House of Peers was presented by the Duke of Portland. In this important business the two houses concurred without a dissentient voice.

The splendid alterations at Carlton House Palace commenced, for this next royal occupant, in 1783, under the direction of the late Mr. Holland, who held, until his death, the appointment of architect to his royal highness. Our main subject, however, relates to the pictures which adorned this princely mansion.

It has been objected by some fastidious connoisseurs, that there is a deficiency of pictures of the great Italian schools, in the gallery of this royal personage, under whose immediate direction the whole collection has been formed. But these objectors should have considered, that the suit of domestic apartments, in which these treasures of art constituted the principal ornaments, were not sufficiently lofty to admit

of larger works, the ceilings not being nine feet high. Indeed, from the necessity of adapting the old apartments to the modern style, this inconvenience could not be avoided. Hence, scarcely any but pictures on a small scale were admissible. To this circumstance, however, we owe the gratification of viewing the most select display of Flemish and Dutch cabinet pictures that exists in any one gallery in Europe. The larger paintings, with the exception of a few portraits of the royal family, are distributed on the walls of the state apartments, which occupy the floor above, wherein the ceilings are sufficiently lofty. In these were disposed the four superb pictures by our Reynolds,—*The Death of Dido*, *Count La Lippe*, *Iphigenia*, and the commanding figure of the *Marquis of Granby*. It is said, that the *hint* for this admired composition was derived from a wood-cut, which Sir Joshua accidentally obtained as a head-piece to a penny pamphlet. This may readily be credited, as a mind like his could discover, in the slightest accidental sketch, that combination of forms, upon which so great a work might be constructed.

This hero of the house of Rutland,—in popularity another Wellington,—was personified by the pencil of the greatest and the least in art. The Granby's Head was a common sign, and innumerable graphic subjects, high and low, contributed to his fame.

Mr. Penny, one of the figures introduced into the group of R.A.'s, exhibited a picture of this noble captain relieving a poor soldier and his family,—a performance of little merit, but which filled for the painter a large purse: one of the most popular prints of the age being made therefrom, had more purchasers than that rare performance *West* and *Woodlett's General Wolfe*. Such are the vicissitudes of taste within half a century.

This hero, eminent nevertheless for his universal benevolence, was a disciplinarian in his domestic arrangements as well as in the field, as may be inferred from a circumstance related to us by an old Etonian coeval with the fact. Shortly subsequent to the painting of his portrait, there was a grand rebellion in this college. Amongst the refractory were the late Duke of Rutland and his brother Lord Robert, familiarly Bob Manners, who died gallantly defending his ship in Lord Rodney's action with Count De Grasse. These were then mere youths, and amongst the runaways. Dr. ———, the head master, had apprised the marquis, by letter, of their elopement: hence, he was not moved by the sudden appearance of his sons. "Well, boys!" exclaimed he, affecting surprise, "what brought you here?" This was at his town-house. "Why, my lord, we have been so ill used, and all the boys are gone home—we were obliged to do as the rest did." "Humph!" quoth the marquis, "so! and you would like to go to the play to-night?" "O yes! sir," rejoiced at such an unexpected reception. "Well, be it so; you shall go to the play to-night, for your pleasure,"—they were in an ecstasy, until he rejoined with a determined air—"and go back to-morrow and be flogged, for mine." The marquis kept his word.

It is a remarkable, indeed an unaccountable fact, that George III., who was an acknowledged connoisseur, should not have patronised Sir Joshua Reynolds, indubitably the greatest English portrait painter, and also, the first *limner* in the world; for, excepting the two magnificent portraits of their late majesties in their coronation robes, which were painted for the council-room of the Royal Academy, Reynolds was never honoured with any commission

by these august personages. The two whole-lengths of their majesties, which formed part of the collection in the lower suite of apartments in Carlton House Palace, were the works of Allan Ramsay; a painter no more to be compared to Reynolds, than he to Jupiter. The late president West, Zoffany, Gainsborough, his nephew Du Pont, Copley, Coates, and Sir William Beechey, principally divided their royal patronage in the portrait department.

His present majesty, however, justly appreciated the talent of this illustrious artist. In Carlton House Palace were several of his finest works. The celebrated whole-length of the late Duke d'Orleans, a specimen of his extraordinary powers as a colourist; the late Duke of Cumberland, no less exquisitely wrought; and his royal predecessor, also Duke of Cumberland, the great-uncle of our sovereign, were in the entrance chamber to the state apartments; the last two in the robes of the garter. Of these, it is not too much to say that they were matchless.* In the great crimson drawing-room was a portrait, half-length, of the late Lord Erskine, then in his zenith of fame, which was painted expressly for his present majesty. These, with the Count La Lippe, the Dido, the Iphigenia, some of which adorned the same apartment, and are now exhibiting in the British Institution, are evidences of the King's taste for the works of this great master of our native school.

The superior eminence to which Reynolds had attained in his art, together with his literary and critical talents, eminently qualified him to participate in the honours of the foremost scientific institutions. He was a member of the Royal, the Antiquarian, and the Dilettante Societies. When Lord North, in the year 1773, was installed Chancellor of Oxford, Sir Joshua was admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. On the back of the picture which he painted of himself, in his doctor's costume, and presented to the university, he inscribed, with laudable pride—

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Knight Auratis,
Academicus Regie Londini Præses,
Juris Civilis, apud Oxonienses Doctor;
Regie Societatis, Antiquariæ,
Londini Socius.

Honorarius Florentinus apud Academiæ Imperialis Socius,
hæc non oppidi natalis, dicti Plimpton, Comitatus. Devon.
Præfectus, Institutiæ Morsumque Censor."

Sir Joshua rarely inscribed even his initials on any of his pictures; hence, when Giusepppe Marchi, his ingenious *fac totum*, whom he brought to England from Rome, beheld this flourishing *sign manual* of his honours, he exclaimed,—"Diavolo, Master Reynolds! if this shall not do vantage well, once for all!"

Two exceptions, however, we can oppose to the *non scripsit* habit of our great genius. One, in the sublime personification of Mrs. Siddons as the *Tragic Muse*, wherein he has inscribed his name at length on the lower border of her spreading robe. The lady, on beholding this departure from his custom, observed, *ex cathedra*, with solemn dignity, "O Sir Joshua, this is too much!" To which the gallant knight replied—"Madam, I thus seek immortal fame on the hem of your garment."

Neither so gallant nor polite was the observation of Major B****, the old bachelor cynic, who had long been peering about the petticoat of the lovely Lady —. On the border of mamma's robe, in a large family picture of this lady and her beautiful infant daughters,

* That of the Duke of Orleans was accidentally burnt; and we believe also that of the Duke of Cumberland.

Sir Joshua so interwove his own name, that it appeared part and parcel of the ornamental figure of the embroidery. Of this, the said major, another Paul Pry, had made the discovery. It unfortunately had a date. This happened long after the sweet little sylphs had nearly twice outlived their *teens*, and were sister spinsters still. The mamma, speaking of the lovely fair, for they yet were not past their bloom, happened, in maternal fondness, to *postdate* their ages some few years; when the major maliciously whispered, "Madam, there is a *record* on the hem of your robe."

Sir Joshua, though of all men the last to be suspected of vain egotism, has left several portraits, Reynolds, *ipse pinxit*,—all faithful resemblances.

The last which he painted, that in spectacles, now the property of his majesty, and one of the stars in the constellation at the British Gallery, is the most striking of them all. In this *fac simile* of himself we behold the man, such as we remember him on that memorable night in the winter of 1790, when, surrounded by an illustrious audience, he delivered his last discourse at Somerset House.

There is a drawing of his visage, however, by himself, still more interesting than this, which represents him when a youth, verging towards manhood. It is replete with genius, intelligence, and amiable expression. Lavater would have eulogised it in an hundred folio pages. It is in chalks, the size of life, and in the possession of a distinguished portrait painter.

Sir Joshua's portrait, at "whole length," is introduced in Zoffany's picture of the *Royal Academicians*: he is represented with his ear-trumpet. It is generally known that he had been subject to deafness, from the period of a severe fever, contracted by him when studying in Italy.

It was in allusion to this circumstance, that Dr. Johnson made that extraordinary observation to a literary lady, touching his own infirmity. Reynolds had painted the philosopher reading, with the book close to his nose. The doctor objected. Mrs. Thrale quoted Sir Joshua, and expatiated upon his superiority, in bearing to be represented as he was accustomed to be seen, with his organ of aid. Johnson, it is as well known, laboured under a defect in vision. "Phoo!" exclaimed the irritable doctor; "let Reynolds, if he lists, be handed down to posterity as Dunny Josh., but I am not disposed to be cognomened Blinking Sam."

Besides this portrait by Zoffany, Reynolds was painted by *Gabriel Stewart*, an American artist, and by a German, of the name of *Breda*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

THERE are ten thousand visions of delight
Floating around, as if their birth and flight
Were with the golden showers of day that fall
Through the thick leaves,—would I could live
them all!

Beautiful fancies, wherefore are not ye
Hopes, wishes, that are possible to be?

I would I were a Fairy,—I would dwell
In the pavilion of yon blue harebell,
Companion of the butterfly and bee,
Whose honey treasures should be shared with me.

Or, for an older dream,—would yon lone wood
Had me the Oread of its solitude—

The gentle spirit of the place, to shed
New springs of flowers at my lightest tread,
And, with the sunny waves of my bright hair,
To shake out dew and freshness every where:
And when my green and summer life was past
To die with one sweet pining song at last.

Alas! alas! we feel too much we live
But by earth's soil and sorrow: I would give
My own apart existence, to be blent
With the sun-shine, or the blue element.
Would I could plunge into the lighted air
And be, transfused, of it!

II.

No more, no more, why should I dream
Dreams that I know are vain?
Why trouble the future, when the past
I would not live again?

Affection,—'tis the glittering wealth
Of snow-work in the sun;
Pleasure,—the rocket's shining course,
Ended ere well begun.

Hope, the false music, luring where
The syren Sorrow dwells;
And Praise a very mockery,
The chime of the fool's bells.

And yet, alas! for the fond time
When I believed all this,—
Although 'twas nothing but a dream,
At least the dream was bliss.

The heart is like those fairy rings,
Where all of green has died;
Yet there, they say, the fairy race
By moonlight wont to ride.

We hold to that gay creed no more—
Gone is the elfin reign;
Yet, surely, such fair visions fled
Is more of loss than gain.

But thus it is, as years pass on,
Even with our own heart;
We see the visions, one by one,
Of early youth depart.

We gaze around—all is the same
O'er which our young eye ranged;
But—sorrow for the heart and eye!
Ourselves, ourselves are changed.

L. E. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LATE MRS. WATTS.

[The following friendly communication (to every syllable of which we subscribe) enables us to redeem our pledge to the public; and perform the pleasing though melancholy literary duty of making a record of early departed virtue and genius.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*]

JANE, youngest daughter of the late George Waldie, Esq. of Hendersyde Park, Scotland, was married, nearly six years ago, to Captain Watts, of the royal navy. The summers of the early part of her life were chiefly passed at her father's seat on the banks of the Tweed. Amidst those romantic scenes which so often have fostered genius, her decided and extraordinary talent for painting developed itself, even from infancy. Unaided by teachers, uninfluenced by example, no sooner could her little fingers grasp the pencil, than she eagerly attempted to delineate the trees, cottages, and other rural objects which surrounded her. Before she was five years of age she would loiter behind her attendant and sisters on the sea shore, to "make pictures" with a stick on the wet sands. Often, when quite a child, she would pore for hours over an old quarto on perspective, the only work on any branch of art which her father's library contained. Without encouragement, assistance, or instruc-

tion, she enthusiastically pursued this favourite amusement. From a young artist of the neighbouring little town of Kelso, she once received a few lessons in the first rudiments of design, and afterwards she learnt the mechanical process of mixing and using oil colours from a common sign-painter. About the age of fifteen she attended the class of an artist in Edinburgh, since dead, for nearly three months. But the views from nature which she had previously painted in oil-colours when quite a child, alone and unaided, were so decidedly superior to those she executed under his tuition, that she speedily and very judiciously took infinitely more pains to forget his instructions, than she had ever done to acquire them. Thus she was completely self-taught, and her extraordinary proficiency was solely the result of native genius, directed to the study of nature.

In sketching from nature she possessed unrivalled and scarcely credible facility, so that every passing scene which struck her "painter's eye," she could portray in a moment, as if by magic. Often, in the romantic regions of Italy or Switzerland, while the carriage rolled along, or the boat glided swiftly over the blue bosom of the lake, bearing her from prospects she was never more to see, her rapid pencil, with a few master strokes, would delineate the features of scenes, which, when afterwards painted, in all the glowing hues of nature, were recognised and admired by all; especially by those artists who, with every advantage of time and care, had themselves sketched the same subjects.

The paintings she occasionally sent to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy and British Gallery, and which always appeared without her name, were invariably distinguished and admired by the most eminent judges of art, for their beauty of composition, fine tone of colouring, truth to nature, feeling, and expression. A man of genius once happily observed, that "her paintings were poetic." Her characteristic modesty, however, led her to attribute the high encomiums they received to flattery, or as she termed it, good nature; and she resolved, by an ingenious experiment, to ascertain their real estimation. Accordingly she sent a painting for actual sale to the British Gallery, where it would necessarily stand in competition with the works of the first British artists; but a member of her own family, unwilling that the picture should be irrecoverably disposed of, privately desired Mr. Young, the keeper of the gallery, (to whom it was left to fix the price), to put upon it nearly double the sum usually demanded for landscapes of similar size. Yet, almost at the opening of the Exhibition, the picture was purchased by a British nobleman distinguished for fine taste in the arts.

The literary productions of Mrs. Watts are characterised by spirited originality of thought, felicity of fancy, and the most lively powers of narrative. An eminent critic remarked, that her writings are distinguished by the most rare, perhaps, of all talents,—that graphic power of description by which scenes and objects are brought before the eye, and the vivid picture at once realised; a talent which our great northern genius alone, of all other authors, pre-eminently possesses.

A *Tour in Belgium and Holland*, with an *Account of the Battle of Waterloo*, and *Paris in the Occupation of the Allied Armies*, written by Mrs. Watts, then Miss Jane Valdie, was unfortunately precluded from publication by her invincible modesty and timidity; but it was eagerly read in manuscript, and many leading literary characters pronounced it to be

a work of extraordinary talent, superior in spirit and interest to every published account of that eventful period. If our limits permitted, we could give extracts from that delightful tour, which would amply justify the eulogiums of those critics.

A *Panoramic Sketch of the Field of Waterloo*, taken by herself on the spot, soon after the battle, which was published without her knowledge during her absence from England, with an explanation annexed to it by one of her sisters,—went through ten editions in the course of a few months.

Her *Sketches of Italy* are admirable, and though published under peculiarly unpropitious circumstances, the work met with distinguished approbation and success. In fact, no guide or companion to the celebrated scenes and sights of the Continent has ever appeared, at once so accurate and so amusing; and subsequent tourists, without scruple or acknowledgment, have unsparingly availed themselves of her lively and ingenious observations.

The other literary productions of Mrs. Watts, both in prose and verse, were either withheld from publication by her extreme diffidence, or, if suffered to appear, her name was sedulously concealed. If, as has lately been asserted, she really be the author of a work just published, entitled *Continental Adventures*, reviewed in terms of high praise in two of our late Numbers,—that, too, remains unacknowledged. *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, sometimes ascribed to her, is, we believe, more generally attributed to one of her sisters.

The works of Mrs. Watts, in literature and painting, may indeed suffice to give some idea of her taste and talents; but no dull description can convey to those who knew her not the charm of her character. Devoid of all pretension and affectation, her fine powers of mind were blended with that happy ingenuity which delighted to exert itself in embellishing every domestic object, and sought to extract something from every passing occurrence: for well she knew the importance of trifles in the sum of human happiness; how true it is, that "little things are great to little man;" and none knew better than herself how to make the most of them.

Her high-minded rectitude of principle, amiable disposition, and true feminine sensibility and tenderness, endeared her to the hearts of her friends; while the nature and spirit of her conversation, her elegance of mind and versatility of talent, her rare union of feeling and vivacity, her unassuming manners, and her lively wit,—never pointed by sarcasm or ill nature,—rendered her the most delightful of companions. Her time was divided between the active duties of life,—the humblest and simplest of which she never neglected,—and the cultivation of those talents and elegant pursuits, which, though peculiarly adapted to form the charm of domestic life, are, too frequently after marriage, either slighted or abandoned. These she pursued with undiminished ardour to the last. Her unfinished paintings,—views of exquisite beauty on the shores of the Bay of Naples,—the last touches yet scarcely dry; and the fragment of a work of fiction recently commenced, replete with original talent,—are affecting memorials to her surviving friends, of genius suddenly cut off when fast ripening to maturity. As a wife, mother, sister, mistress, and friend, never will her excellence be forgotten. This is not the language of empty panegyric. To the truth of this portrait, every heart that knew her will bear witness. Though her retiring virtues

were concealed from the world, her angelic patience under suffering, her warm affections, her goodness of heart, her disregard of personal convenience, and consideration for others, her unfeigned charity and humility, shone forth in the circle of her chosen friends, and in the bosom of her family, by whom she was adored. Even in the last moments of departing life, the deep resignation of her soul to the will of God, the fervent devotion which animated her dying accents, the mute looks of love and gratitude still fondly turned upon the heart-broken mourners who surrounded her, proved that the generous affections of the heart within were triumphant even over death.

She died on the 6th of July, in the 34th year of her age, and was followed to the grave by the heart-rending grief of her inconsolable husband, relatives, and friends, the deep regret of her acquaintance, the tears of her dependants, and the smiles of her innocent unconscious boy.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BONAPARTE'S GRAVE.

(From the Journal of a Gentleman just returned from India.)

OUR touching at St. Helena would have been an incident devoid of interest to me, had it not been for the opportunity of viewing the tomb of him whose devastating wars spread terror over the face of Europe. St. Helena appeared to me to be in itself a frightful island—a rock of desolation—an emblem for the seat of exile—an insulated prison—a scene of all others the most likely to break the heart of one banished to its abrupt and rugged strand. It cost me a world of trouble and fatigue (which but for the object I had in view would have been ill repaid) to mount up the steep, serpentine windings, and capstan twistings and turnings, which relieve the traveller to a certain degree in the almost perpendicular ascent. On my way I passed by the country-house called the Briars, which was the first habitation of Napoleon on his arrival in the island. It is a very sweet spot, when contrasted with the surrounding horrors of the place, and owes much of its attraction to a waterfall, which invites to musing and meditation;—but the haunts of the living were not the objects of my expedition; and I at length gained the tomb.

He who looks for the lofty or sublime in this mansion of the dead, will be wholly disappointed; not a trophy, not a wreath, no broken trumpet nor fallen spear, no glaive nor helmet;—a plain slab, formed of three Portland flagstones, taken for the purpose from the fireplace of the ex-emperor's kitchen in his new house, is the only covering on his grave: on this not a line, either descriptive or commemorative, is written; no name, no date, as if he had gone—

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

Around the secluded spot, the romantic and picturesque prevail in a high degree. It is situated in a green valley, well planted with umbrageous trees and beautiful shrubs. Five willows droop over the blank tablet, and, waving in the breeze, throw alternate light and shade on this unlettered monument, rustling, at the same time, in a sort of mournful cadence. On the left side of the grave are peach-trees, which bear fruit; and a spring, as bright as crystal, glides on the outside of the railing which is about the tomb, and itself encompassed by a hedge of geraniums. A serjeant and a private are placed here on guard, and have orders to prevent people from gathering leaves, and

cutting pieces off the willow trees. I had intended to write a line, by way of epitaph, with my pencil on the stone; but the thing was impossible. My attempt was resisted, and I had some difficulty in obtaining a small piece of one of the trees; but was freely allowed to gather some of the peaches and the geranium, the hue of which reminded me of the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, founded by the deceased, and elevated by the blood of so many a battlefield. I now prepared to depart, when an incident of some interest arrested my steps for awhile. A young and pretty French lady approached, and was soon leaning in a pensive attitude over the railing before described, with her eyes in tears, bent on the grave which it enclosed. She was one of a party of natives of France who had landed from a ship in the bay, to visit this memorable sepulchre. Her companions speedily arrived, and after a look or two, persuaded her to quit the spot to which she seemed almost immovably attached. The only male in the party evinced that trivial disregard which signalises the character of his countrymen. He shrugged up his shoulders, and as they fell again, uttered something illustrative of the shortness and uncertainty of human glory. Then (speaking of the island) he said, *Ma foi, c'est un endroit estimable*. The young lady remained without speaking all the time, and in a few minutes I lost sight of her. I now regained my ship and made sail for England; but the barren rock, lone grave, and weeping girl, have ever since been in my thoughts.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.—On Friday a new musical farce was performed for the first time, called *Thirteen to the Dosein*. It is taken from a French vaudeville, called *Les Manteaux*; but the translator having added nothing to the original but a dull song or two, and some vapid dialogue, it is not likely to attain any extraordinary favour with the public, or be of any very great service to the theatre. The chief, or more properly speaking, the only incident, that of a tailor who has been accidentally led into a plot against the state, by what he calls the harmless exercise of a "professional privilege," is sufficiently ludicrous; and had Mr. Kenny bestowed a little more time and trouble upon the subject, and thrown in another character or two, there is little doubt, from his known ability in such matters, that he would in this way have cooked up a piquant and clever entertainment. But French pieces, as our readers well know, rarely do alone; they are of much too thin and meagre a quality for the taste of John Bull; for though we cannot deny the ingenuity of their contrivance, yet we usually find that the audience are disappointed at the conclusion of them, and wonder, as in the present instance, that the opening has not led to some more important and ludicrous results. Liston plays the treacherous tailor with a good deal of whim and vivacity; and J. Reeve is highly entertaining in the German hussar. It is the first original part with which he has been intrusted since his removal from the boards of the Adelphi; and we see no reason why, with industry and care, he should not make himself a very useful member of the company. There was some little disapprobation at the fall of the curtain; but upon repetition it went off more smoothly and successfully. *Les Manteaux* was played several nights last winter at the little theatre in Tottenham Street, in a pleasing style. Laporte was the *Garon Blum*, the young tailor; and Pellissé, the *Festphalen* soldier.

Paul Pry, after having been acted a hundred and ten nights, seems to have lost but little of its attraction. Mr. Poole has gone out of town to complete another comedy, of which Liston is to be the hero. Madame Vestris is re-engaged, and will shortly make her appearance.

At Drury Lane, notwithstanding the absence of the new lessee, preparations for opening the campaign are going on with alacrity. Reynolds, the dramatist, is engaged to read and revise the new plays; Winston to superintend the household arrangements; and Wallack as stage manager. Liston, Braham, and Miss Stephens, are also secured; but Young and Vestris are not, as stated in the newspapers, to join the establishment, they having recently signed articles at Covent Garden, the former at a salary of 20*l.* a night for two years. This is what Mr. Dampier Yates would call "doing the deceitful" to some purpose. Macready sails for America the first week in September.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Here a new entertainment, called *Lying made Easy*, has been successfully added to the deep attractions of the *Death-Fetch*. It is an agreeable variety; in which Bartley, Wrench, Thorne, Misses Carr and Boden, sustain the chief characters with much vivacity and humour.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday, no *Velluti*, no Opera. To-night, both are hoped for; at least both are announced. This unfortunate singer, if we may judge by appearances, is not unlikely to follow Weber: he looks to be in a very precarious state of health,—or rather of illness.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Alexandre, the ventriloquist, has been performing at the Theatre of Madam at Paris. On the first evening, he addressed the audience to bespeak their indulgence if he committed any Anglicisms, in consequence of his long habit of speaking English, or fell into other errors repugnant to French taste.

Fresco.—The French have been for a considerable time endeavouring to revive the art of fresco-painting. Pursuing their experiments, the chapel of St. Vincent-de-Paule, in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, has lately been decorated with paintings in fresco, by a native artist of the name of Guillemot. This is the third chapel in that church which has received similar embellishments.

The Stadium.—Scientific men have differed much with respect to the extent of the stadium of which Strabo and the geographers of antiquity availed themselves to indicate the distances between different places. It is evident that the only way of determining the point was to examine the existing difference between places the position of which had not changed, and by the result to estimate the length of the ancient measure. A large and exceedingly accurate map of Turkey, by M. Lapie, lately published in France, has completely resolved the problem; and it is now proved that the stadia of the geographers of antiquity, were, according to the opinion adopted by Gosselin and rejected by Danville, 700 to the degree. Thus Strabo reckoned that it was 200 stadia from Corinth to Argos; and Pausanias that it was 660 from Sparta to Olympia. These distances, allowing 700 stadia to a degree, are precisely those in the new map;—an additional proof of the accuracy of the ancient geographers.

Mr. Auger has been elected perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, in the room of Mr. Raynaud, resigned.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

It is, we learn, proposed to publish by subscription, a volume of Poems, by Mr. John Taylor, so well known to the literary and theatrical world by his "*Monks of Tynemouth*," and other poems, and a greater number of prologues and epilogues than was ever, perhaps, written by any individual. It is painful to have to add, from the prospectus issued on the occasion, that the misconduct of some person with whom this veteran in periodical and general literature was connected, has rendered the present measure, taken by his friends, one essential to his comforts. We trust the public, especially the town, will not be deaf to the invitation.

The National Reader; or, School Class Book of Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Information, an entirely original work, is announced as being nearly ready.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Selections from Macmillan, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—West on Corn and Wages, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Brown's Eventide, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.—General Biographical Dictionary, vol. 1. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Bayle's Dictionary, vol. 1. 12mo. 2s. bds.—Dixon on Title Deeds, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 6s. bds.—Carrington on Criminal Law, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Archibald's Summary of the Poor Laws, 12mo. 8s. 6d. bds.—New Insolvent Act, with Notes by Woodroffe, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Thurston, Bion, et Mochus, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 8s. bds.—Edward's Latin Delectus, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sheep.—Bosworth's Greek Grammar, 12mo. 5s. sheep.—Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, by the Rev. J. J. Conybeare, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. bds.—Ditto, ditto, 1 vol. 4to. 2s. bds.—Vulgarities of Speech Corrected, fcp. 6s. bds.—Farmist's Votive Wreath, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Sweet's Hortus Britannicus, Part I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Percival's Veterinary Lectures, vol. 3. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Low's History of Scotland, to the Middle of the 19th Century, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Henderson's Practical Grammar, 8vo. 14s. bds.—The Prophets, a Tale of the Last Century, 3 vols. 12mo. 15. 4s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 27	From 39. — to 73. —	30.18 Stat.
Friday . . . 28	— 44. — to 75. —	30.15 to 30.10
Saturday . . . 29	— 44. — to 79. —	30.04 — 29.99
Sunday . . . 30	— 46. — to 81. —	29.99 — Stat.
Monday . . . 31	— 48. — to 86. —	29.90 — Stat.

August.

Tuesday . . . 1	— 54. — to 78. —	29.96 — 30.00
Wednesday . . . 2	— 53. — to 79. —	30.02 — 30.05

Wind variable. Generally clear, except the mornings of the 1st and 2d instant, when it was cloudy, with a little rain about noon of the 1st.

Frequent and vivid flashes of lightning on the evening of the 31st ult.

Edinburgh.

Latitude . . . 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We had erroneously supposed that no one but the author of the wretched novel published under the name of "Truth," (a farrago of dull and stupid trash, retelling the worst sophisms of the worst infidel writers without a particle of their wit, force, or ingenuity,) could have been impudent enough to prate that for ability which is utterly destitute of common talent, and unprincipled enough to put the force of his opinions in an outrage upon every moral obligation and virtuous feeling. We were, however, it seems, mistaken. Mr. John Hunt, in a letter dated "Examiner Office," claims for another the merit we had ascribed to this author. He says, "The writer of the review in the 'Examiner' has not the most distant acquaintance with the author of 'Truth': this is a bit of a paradox. We should not have suspected him of even a distant acquaintance with the author of *Truth*, or indeed of any acquaintance with *Truth* at all; but as the novel taught us to

"Doubt *Truth* to be a Lie," we did fancy that the Reviewer was the same with the Author.

Upon the letter we have received from Mr. Hunt, we are willing to acquit his journal (as we infer it is) from the suspicion of baseness and contemptible artifice of which he complains; but we are sorry to be obliged to do so at the expense of even higher attributes. An editor may be deceived in what he accepts from another: but it is a more heinous offence to demand for himself that he has committed a gross violation of decency, and not only proved his judgment to be worthless, but shewn his morals to be depraved, and his principles injurious to all the best interests of society.

There is no such critical catalogue of the pictures now exhibiting at the British Gallery, as "A Subscriber" inquires about.

To avoid misapprehension or misrepresentation, if G. D. will make his claim known it shall be satisfied. We are not unaccustomed to volunteers becoming dependents; the satisfaction of all concerned; but mutiny for pay, under such circumstances, is a novelty to us: one, however, which upon every consideration we would rather indulge than resist.

W.'s communication was much too late for even an answer this week.

ERRATA.—In the criticism on the "*Death-Fetch*" last week, line 8 from the end, for *time* read *time*.

Delete the comma after *Blouven*, in the last line of the Varieties. The *Blouven* and *Spentley* of the French journals mean *Belhaven* and *Stenton*, one peer.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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The proprietor has the pleasure to state, that this Journal commenced the present year with an accession to its force of new contributors of first-rate genius and information, some of whom have, in other publications, been greeted with the undivided applause of the town, but who now intend to devote themselves exclusively to this periodical.

Among numerous other original Articles published in 1826, will be found in the Number for January—General Observations on the Greek Drama, by Thomas Amory Esq.—The Florentine Party, by Barry Cornwall—Opinions for 1826—Popular Fallacies, by Elias—Of Persons one would wish to have seen—Coffee Houses and Smoking—English Authors on the Theatre—The English Kit-cat Sketches—The late Russian Autocrat—Sketches of Parisian Politics, Society, and Literature.

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